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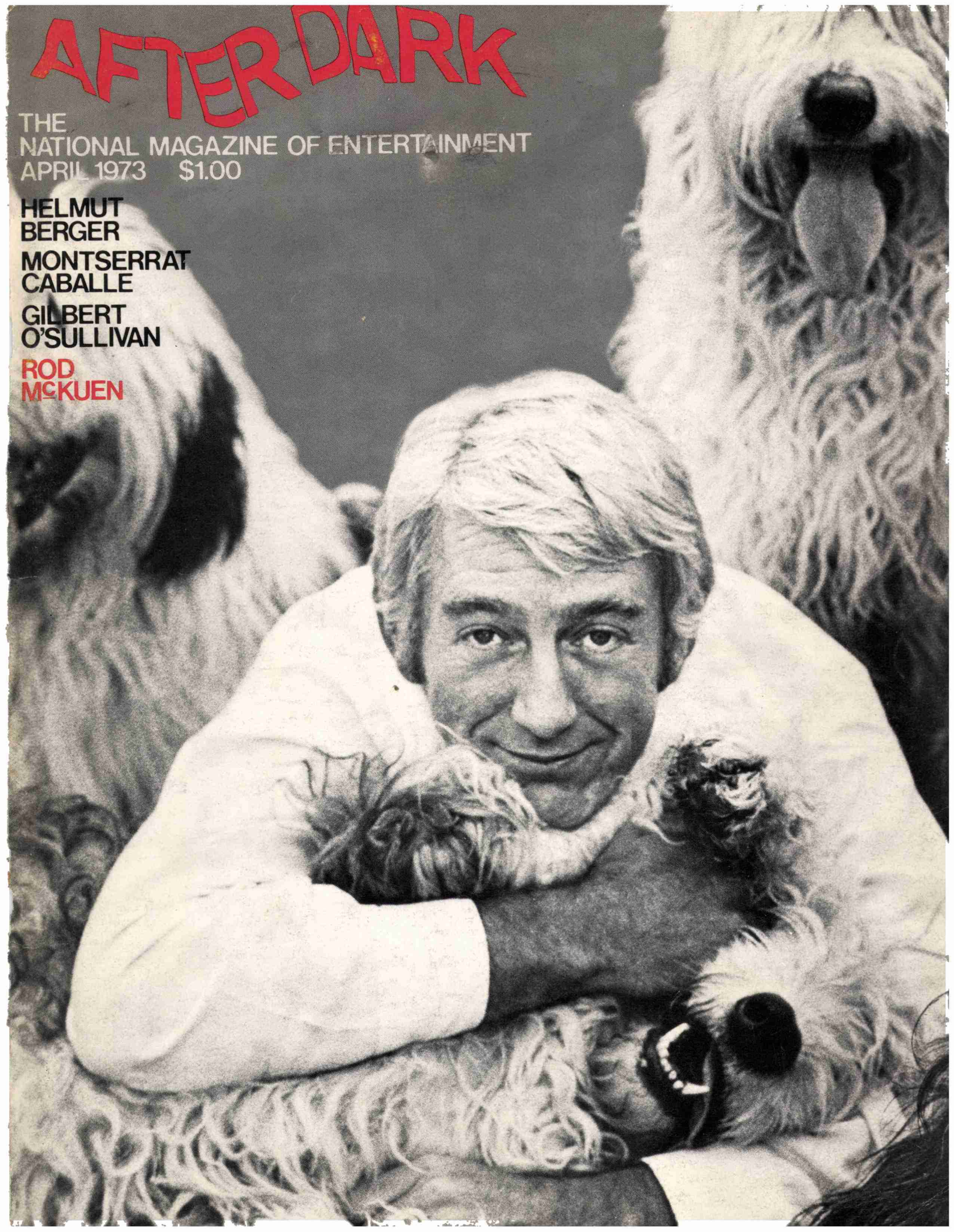
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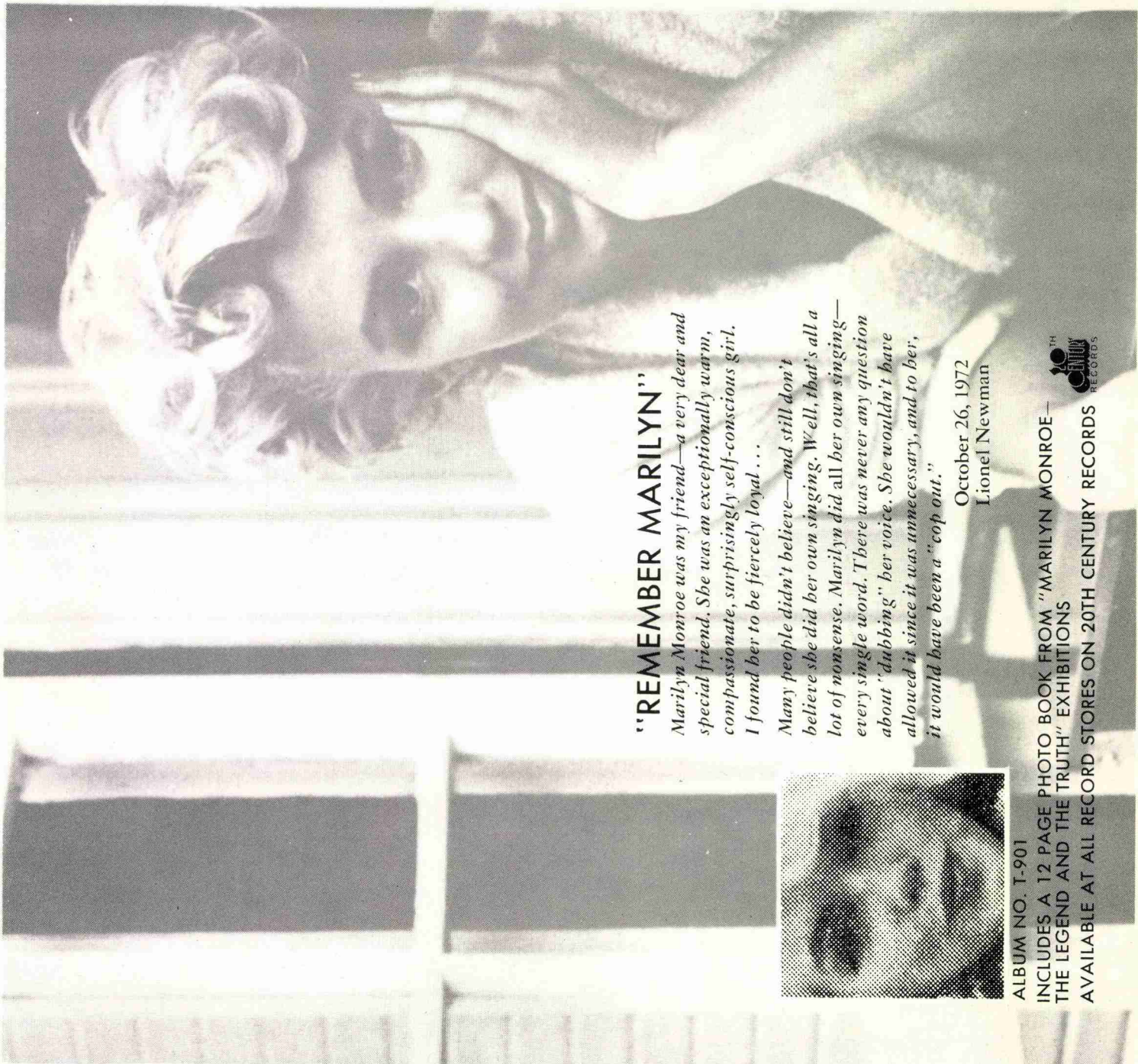
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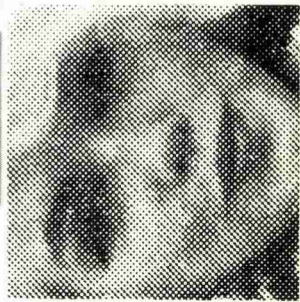


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October 26, 1972  
Lionel Newman



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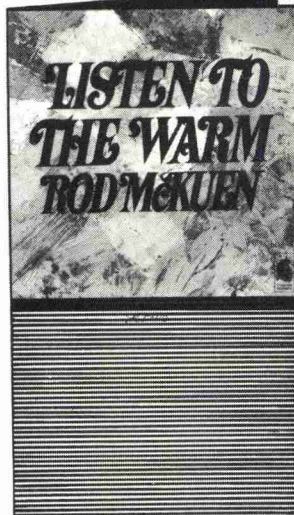
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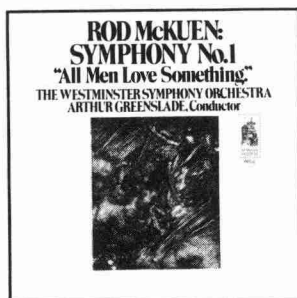
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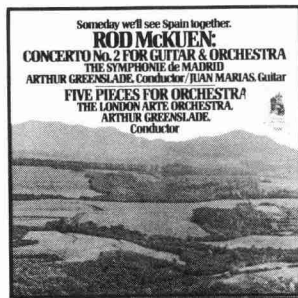
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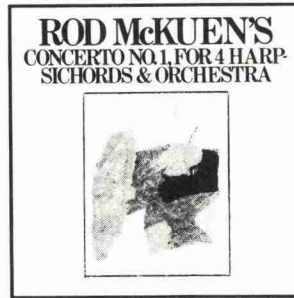
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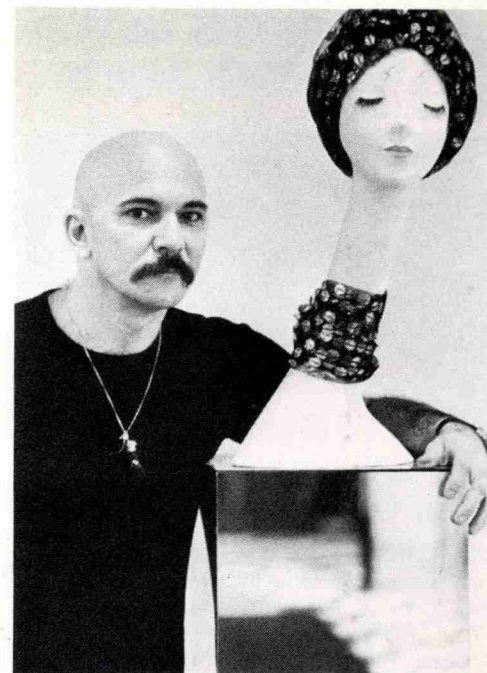
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Kinky fashions by Rafael Mojena are just a part of the diversions found in "Puerto Rico, You Lovely Island," starting on page 56. (Photo by Kenn Duncan)



It probably comes as no surprise for most to learn that Gilbert O'Sullivan did not create "The Mikado," but is a British export with a much more contemporary sound. Tune in on "The Back to Front of Gilbert O'Sullivan," beginning on page 44.

### ON THE COVER:

Animals, in general, English sheepdogs, in particular, are very much a part of Rod McKuen's world. He has created a fund called Animal Concern that uses the royalties from his annual calendar to help finance aspiring veterinarians. For more about McKuen's concerns, turn to "Not Like Anybody Else," beginning on page 46. (Photo by Donald Bradburn)



# WHAT'S IN THE NEWS: The New York Scene

by Fred Walker



Carla Fracci joins Rudolf Nureyev in "La Sylphide," one of the ballets featured in the film, "I Am a Dancer," a behind-the-scenes look at Nureyev the dancer, now playing a limited run at the Ziegfeld Theatre.

Last year the Film society of Lincoln Center sponsored a special evening with Charlie Chaplin, which raised much needed funds for the New York Film Festival. This year the gala will honor another giant film artist

— Fred Astaire. Film clips (selected by Astaire) will be shown and the event (which it definitely is) will be held at Philharmonic Hall on April 30. This evening will be the most star-studded and glamorous affair New York has seen in years. The fact that celebrities and press will pay for their own tickets is the ultimate tribute to the art and charm of Mr. Fred Astaire.

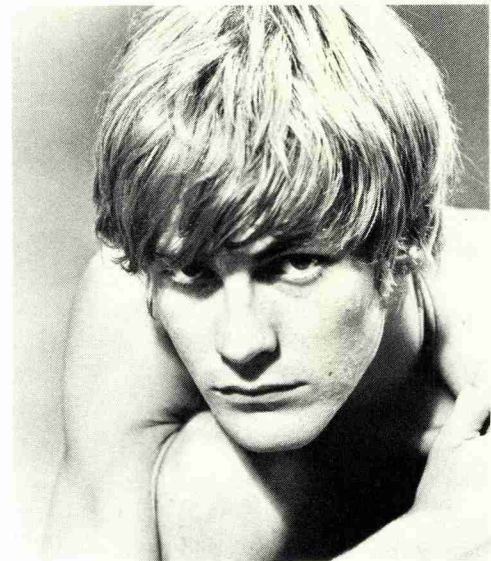
*The Women*, after much delay, will finally open at the 46th Street Theatre on April 25 (after a week of previews). Morton De Costa (*Auntie Mame* and *The Music Man*) will direct a cast headed by Rhonda Fleming, Tammy Grimes, Dorothy Loudon, Myrna Loy, Kim Hunter and Alexis Smith. Hopefully, this will be a grand finale to a sad Broadway season which saw many worthy shows fail and many slight but entertaining offerings close in a night. Aside from a dearth of decent material and talent, the New York theater has been destroyed by economics. A few years ago shows that received mixed notices could still have moderately successful runs; today they are lucky to survive a week unless bountifully financed (like *Shelter*). The audiences are also disappearing—with not one show consistently selling out even when they have gotten rave reviews. *Pippin*, *That Championship Season* and *The Sunshine Boys* are perfect examples. This is incredible when you think of the stunning reviews these shows received. Unless there is a drastic revision of union and theater contracts, the New York Theater as we know it will pass into history within the next few years.

Deborah Kerr will bring her London success, *The Day after the Fair*, to Broadway early next year. A cross-country tour has been planned, ending with a limited engagement on Broadway.

*Sugar* will close shortly to head for the lucrative subscription audience in Los Angeles. Its star, Robert Morse, is receiving a most generous salary for his endeavors. From Los Angeles if all goes well, New York can expect *Gone with the Wind* and *Gigi*. *GWTW* has reportedly had a complete overhaul of its book and music (which did not fare too well in London). Lerner and Lowe's *Gigi* will star Alfred Drake, Maria Karnilova and Daniel Massey and the New York opening is planned for late fall.

Frederick Combs, who played Donald in the original cast of *The Boys in the Band*, will have his first play produced off-Broadway this month by Robert Benard and Sal Mineo. Entitled *The Children's Mass*, it will star Kipp Osbourne, Courtney Burr and Calvin Culver.

Radio City Music Hall, which is used as a cemetery during the day, has now realized the lucrative profits gained from booking rock concerts. A perfect example was the recent David Bowie concert, which sold out



Courtney Burr will play one of the leading roles in a new play, "The Children's Mass," by Frederick Combs, opening at the Martinique Theater this month. Sal Mineo and Robert Benard are the producers. (Photo by Kenn Duncan)

two successive 11:00 P.M. performances. The staid Music Hall never sees bizarre crowds like that during the runs of their horrendous "family" pictures. Bowie worked hard and long for two hours before collapsing from exhaustion at the finale. He gave the pot-smoking audience its money's worth and demonstrated again that he is one of the top rock stars around. The Music Hall is ideal for this kind of performance, but only Bowie realized the potential of the place by trying to insert some form of showmanship into the act. Future acts should hire Broadway personnel to give their performances some professional sheen because most of the lunatics surrounding rock groups are lucky if they even get to a performance.



Mary Denham, a popular model, is currently making her acting debut in off-Broadway's "The Real Inspector Hound."

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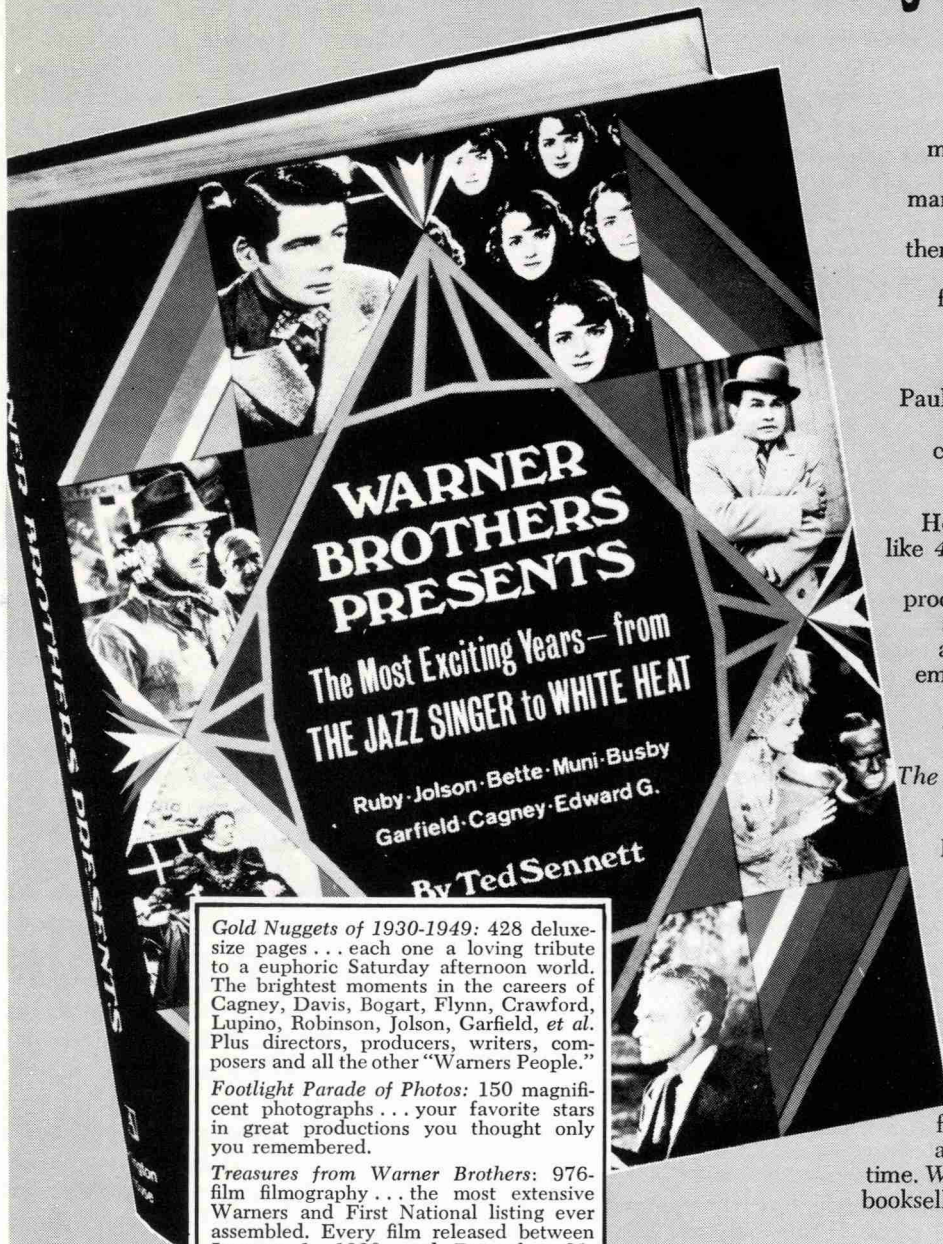
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Here are the gaudy musical extravaganzas like *42nd Street* and *Gold Diggers* of 1933 with their fantastic Busby Berkeley production numbers; no-holds-barred crime and social dramas such as *Public Enemy* and *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*; emotion-charged dramas like *Dark Victory* and *The Old Maid* that had women weeping at the woes of Bette Davis; swashbucklers like *Captain Blood* and *The Sea Hawk* in which dashing Errol Flynn led his pirate crew to sweeping victory.

Relive great moments from almost 1,000 films: *Casablanca* ("Play it, Sam"), *Yankee Doodle Dandy* ("My mother thanks you, My father thanks you"), *The Letter* ("With all my heart, I still love the man I killed") and *To Have and Have Not* ("All you have to do is whistle") — the list goes on and on.

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# The Classical Scene

by Robert Jacobson

"New and Newer Music" is the name of Lincoln Center's Sunday series of contemporary music in Alice Tully Hall. On the last Sunday of April (the 29th) it concludes with works of Pierre Boulez, Christian Wolff, Stefan Wolpe and Tona Scherchen. The excellent resident ensemble is led by Dennis Russell Davies. The Chamber Music Society

premieres a new work by Stanley Silverman (he of *Dr. Selavey* fame) on the 20th with, of all people, Beverly Sills and Eileen Farrell as soloists. This cantata will be complemented by vocal duets of Mendelssohn, Schumann and Handel. Even earlier at Tully Hall (the 10th) the Juilliard String Quartet offers the U.S. premiere of a recently discovered Bartók Quintet for Piano and Quartet (Beveridge Webster is guest pianist), and Haydn and Ravel round out the proceedings. At the Philharmonic, Italian conductor

Aldo Ceccato takes over for the month, bringing with him some interesting items. On the 5th, 6th and 10th he has Rafael Druian as soloist in the Hindemith Violin Concerto, plus Penderecki and Stravinsky. Martha Argerich plays the Chopin First Concerto (12-17) and the first-chair men explore Haydn's *Sinfonia concertante*. The next set (19-24) has Skrowaczewski's English Horn Concerto and Strauss' gigantic *Alpine Symphony*. The final foursome (26-May 1) has Itzhak Perlman soloing in Paganini No. 1 (plus some Stravinsky and Ravel). Also at Philharmonic Hall, look for Brigit Nilsson in her annual New York recital on the 11th and two concerts by the English Chamber Orchestra on the 27th and 29th—Daniel Barenboim conducts and plays, along with Perlman and Pinchas Zukerman.

Carnegie Hall is to be the scene of the American premiere of Donizetti's final opera, *Caterina Cornaro* (exhumed last spring in Naples, and with great success). Leyla Gencer repeats the title role here, with Giuseppes Compagnoni and Taddei in the demanding male roles. Alfredo Silipigni conducts the Opera Theater of New Jersey. The London Symphony comes for a three-concert visit, beginning the 10th. André Previn conducts, with Alicia de Larrocha playing the Beethoven Fourth (10th), Misha Dichter playing the Mozart K. 453 (11th) and Yong Uck Kim playing the Brahms Concerto (12th). Of vocal interest is an all-Spanish evening with Montserrat Caballé, Bernabe Marti and orchestra on the 19th. Otherwise there are recitals by Renata Tebaldi on the 1st, Gary Graffman on the 4th (celebrating the 25th anniversary of his debut with the Philadelphia Orchestra), Isaac Stern on the 6th and Eugene Istomin on the 25th.

At the Metropolitan Opera the season's final three weeks bring Rossini's *Barber of Seville* back into the repertoire, this time with the splendid Hermann Prey as the Barber and dynamic young James Levine leading the score for the first time. Marilyn Horne is again Rosina, and Franco Bonisolli, Almaviva. *Tosca* returns on the 14th with Martina Arroyo in the role for the first time, aided by Franco Corelli and Tito Gobbi. And on the 20th, Hano Janku makes her debut in the title role.

## APRIL CONCERT CALENDAR

**Metropolitan Opera**  
2.7m.13.19 Il Barbiere di Siviglia  
3 Pique Dame  
4.10.16 Romeo et Juliette  
5.9.14(1.30.18) Der Rosenkavalier  
6.12.21m Lucia di Lammermoor  
7 Gaia Guildenloft  
11.17.21 Il Trovatore  
14.20 Tosca  
24-May 13 National Ballet of Canada

**New York State Theater**  
New York City Opera  
1m.6m. Les Contes d'Hoffmann  
1. Beata Cenci  
3.11.17 Manon  
4.15.21m Melistofele  
5.12.29 The Young Lord  
7m.10 Tosca  
7 La Traviata  
8.14m.21.28 The Marriage of Figaro  
13.28m Lucia di Lammermoor  
14.22.25 Cavalleria Rusticana/Pagliacci

**Alice Tully Hall**  
1.2m.3.20.22 Chamber Music Society  
1 Eleanor Lawrence, flutist  
2 Manhattan Symphony Orchestra  
4m.6.10.11m.13.25m.27 Juilliard School  
4 National Choral  
5 New York Chamber  
7 Tessa Williams, soprano  
8m James Cavalier, soprano  
8 Seek and You Shall Find  
9 Music from Marlboro  
11 Francisco Aybar, pianist  
12 National Book Awards  
14 Newark Boys Chorus  
15m Peter Gallen, tenor  
17 Joy Kim, soprano  
18 Peter Serkin, piano  
19 C. W. Post College Faculty in Concert  
21 Ray de Vito, tenor  
22 Ravi Shankar  
23 Elaine Portney, pianist  
24 Eileen di Tullio, soprano  
26 Contemporary Music Concert  
28 Nine Nomine Singers, Harry Saltzman  
29m New and Newer Music Series  
30 Warren Lash, cellist

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15th, 19, 29 Don Giovanni  
22nd, 28 Carmen  
24 - L'Incoronazione di Poppea  
29m La Bohème

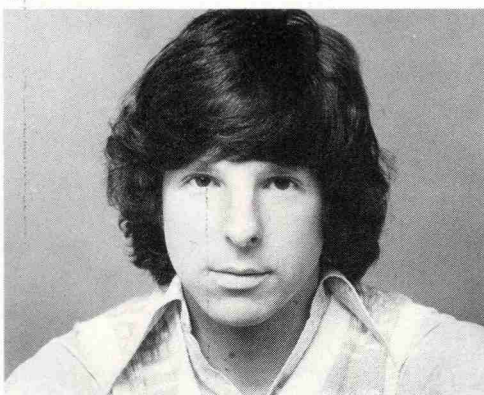
**Philharmonic Hall**  
1m National Symphony Orchestra,  
Antal Dorati, conductor; Zino Francescatti, violin  
3:05-3:30 Pre-Concert Recital, Sheila Armstrong, Paul Jacobs; (7:30) New York Philharmonic, Pierre Boulez, conductor; Sheila Armstrong, Marilyn Niska, Barbara Shuttlesworth, George Shirley, Andrea Velis, Spiro Malas, Camerata Singers  
4 Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman, conductor; Gina Bachauer, piano  
5, 6m, 10 New York Philharmonic, Aldo Ceccato, conductor; Rafael Druian, violin  
7:12-15 & 2:30 New York Philharmonic, Michael Tilson Thomas, conductor  
7:18-20 & 11:30 Curtis Mayfield  
8m Symphony of the New World  
11 Birgit Nilsson  
12m Wheeler Beckett Orchestra of New York  
12:13m, 14, 17 New York Philharmonic, Aldo Ceccato, conductor; Martha Argerich, Rafael Druian, Lorne Munroe, Harold Gomberg, Manuel Ziegler  
13 Carlos Montoya, guitarist  
14m World Missions in Review  
15m National Symphony Orchestra, Antal Dorati, conductor; Janos Solym, piano  
15 Morrisania Youth & Community Services Center Benefit Concert  
16m New York Philharmonic, Student Concert  
19, 21, 24 New York Philharmonic, Aldo Ceccato, conductor; Thomas Stacy, English horn  
20 John Nelson's Pro Arte Choral Orchestra  
22 Incredible String Band  
23 Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy  
25 Benefit Concert for the Blind  
26, 27m, 28 New York Philharmonic, Aldo Ceccato, conductor; Itzhak Perlman, violin

**Carnegie Hall**  
1 Renata Tebaldi, soprano  
3 Handel Society Chorus and Orchestra  
4 Gary Graffman, piano  
6 Isaac Stern, violin  
7 St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra  
8 Carnegie-Mellon University Kiltie Band  
9 School District #10 Music Festival  
10, 11, 12 London Symphony Orchestra, Andre Previn  
13 Berlin Concert Choir and Orchestra  
14 Cornell University Orchestra, Chorus  
15 Opera Theatre of New Jersey  
19 Montserrat Caballé, soprano  
20 Helen Reddy  
21:15-20 Youth Symphony Orchestra of N. Y.  
21 José Molina Bailes Espanoles  
23 Artistry is Here to Stay, Tony White  
25 Eugene Istomin, piano  
26 Cleo Laine, John Dankworth  
27 Baltimore Symphony Orchestra  
28, 29, 30 Rod McKuen in Concert

**City Center**  
3-15 Bunkaku Puppet Theatre of Japan  
17-May 6 Marcel Marceau

**Town Hall**  
1 An Evening with Hal Prince  
4:15-4:45 Nicky Giovanni, poet  
7m Film Fun for the Young  
8:17-30 Legendary Ladies, Joan Crawford  
11:15-4:45 Ella Larkins, jazz piano  
12:15-30 A New Malaysia  
14m Mysterious Mr. Wong  
15m NYU Choral Arts Society Concert  
18:15-4:45 Elio Pomare Dance Co.  
21m Peck's Bad Boy at the Circus  
24:15-4:45 Leonard Rose, Gary Graffman  
25:15-4:45 Bucky Pizzarelli  
25 Masterpieces of the Moderns  
Unmasked  
26:15-30 There Will Always Be An England  
29 An Evening with Bob Fosse

**Brooklyn Academy**  
10-15 Jamaican National Dance Company  
28 Brooklyn Philharmonia



Singer John C. Attle returns to *The Downstairs at the Upstairs* with a new act, beginning April 2. After his four-week engagement there, he will take it on the road. (Photo by Kenn Duncan)

## TV SPOTLIGHT



Oscar-winning actor, Cliff Robertson, listens intently to Geoffrey Holder in the American classic, "Man without a Country," recreated for ABC-TV and to be televised Tues., April 24.

## London Scene

by Michael T. Leech

There haven't been many openings in the West End recently. One of the difficulties with London is that the number of theaters is limited, so a long-run can keep out a new production. It's the opposite of Broadway's difficulty, where often a dozen houses are

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dark for want of a good show!

The most lively place in London at the beginning of the year wasn't in the West End at all, but Greenwich, where Robin Phillips opened his new Company Theatre with a production of *The Three Sisters*. It was a carefully directed (Phillips) and beautifully designed (a modern set by Roger Butlin, costumes by Daphne Dare). But a good deal of attention was on the casting. Phillips had announced some London luminaries for his season (Joan Plowright will be seen in *Rosmersholm*) and in *Sisters* he had cast strongly and well with a surprise—Mia Farrow as the youngest sister, Irina. If other productions are as good, they may also be sold-out, and Company Theatre looks as if it will be a great success.

At the Picadilly, John Kerr's *Mistress of Novices* didn't get much critical concern and was generally written off as rather a dull version of a Bernardette of Lourdes lady who excites the dubious interest of an older woman. Not much "heigh-nunny-no" here despite the presence of Barbara Jefford and Rita Tushingham.

For lovers of his music, *Mahler* (at the Arts Theatre) might have been interesting as a pocket guide to his married life, but as a play it was distinctly weak, a number of loosely connected scenes against a set that resembled a room for Swedish exercises. With only two characters to sustain it (Vladek Sheybal as the composer, Edith Macarthur as wife Alma), it needed something more evocative. Slides perhaps. At any rate, their life in Vienna, St. Petersburg and New York was only fleetingly captured, and the actors had to work hard on a thin script by Maurice Rowdon. Perhaps the main difficulty is that Alma is, as seen here, a rather shallow creature who complains fitfully. As a woman who greedily acquired artist husbands (she later married Gropius, then the novelist Werfel and had an affair with Kokoschka), she might have emerged as rather a marvelous monster.

After her success in *A Doll's House* off-Broadway, Claire Bloom is now doing the same role here. And it's just been learned that we *shall* be allowed to see *Last Tango in Paris* in London—minus ten censored seconds. Those precious moments when Brando drops his savoir-faire? Who knows?

## ON THE TOWN: In New York

by Norma McLain Stoop

Tops This Time:

A star surfaced at the lovely Plaza Persian Room when Kelly Garrett, a tiny girl who's all eyes and smile, had her way with many fine songs. She has something riveting and

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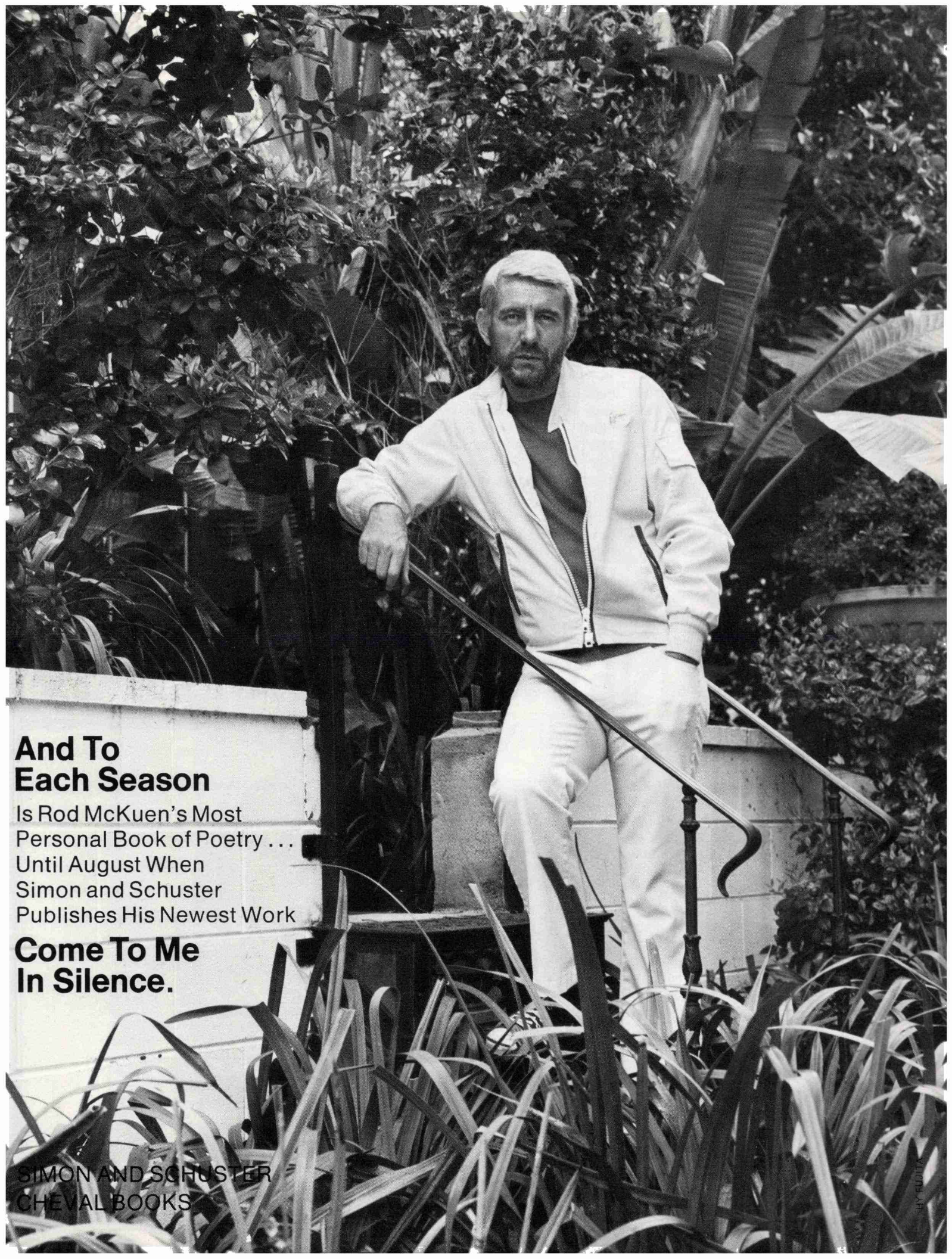
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particularly her own to offer, and such different numbers as "Calliope Joe" and "Where or When" fared equally well. Special kudos for "You're So Vain."

#### New Name To Remember:

Dark-haired Melissa Manchester of the smoky voice had a hip audience at Reno Sweeney's Paradise Room swaying to "If It Feels Good, Let It Ride" and the *cappella* "Try to Be Happy Now." Melissa, newly signed with Bell Records, not only writes much of her own material, but accompanies herself on the piano. Once a Bette Midler Harlette, she's impressive as a single, and John (Cooker) Lo Presti backed her beautifully on bass.

#### Lately Seen And Noted:

"Delightful, delovely"—that's the suavely in control Marian McPartland with her effortless piano style and her polished delivery of jazz, blues or sophisticated ditties. No wonder the Café Carlyle regulars adore her.

#### Parties of the Month:

Gourmets had a field day at the Abercrombie and Fitch buffet luncheon introducing handsome Felipe Rojas-Lombardi's sensational first, a talking cookbook (on cassettes) entitled *Game Cookery Recipes*. Pheasant, quail, hare and venison with multi-trimmings were enjoyed by James Beard,

Jean Dalrymple, Bill Talbert and super-model, Cheyenne, among others. The Newport Jazz Festival, June 29-July 8, will add the Wollman Amphitheatre, Alice Tully Hall, the Apollo Theatre, Roseland and the Nassau Coliseum to its former sites (Philharmonic, Carnegie and Radio City Music Halls and the Staten Island Ferry), George Wein announced at a Rainbow Grill party attended by many, including James Baldwin and Fran Allison.

#### All That Jazz:

Jazzboat in the E. Village (101 Ave. A, between 6th and 7th Sts.); Sam's Jazz Upstairs (64th St. at 2nd Ave.); and Two Saints (S.E. corner of 3rd Ave. at St. Marks Pl.) are attracting the growing army of jazz buffs by virtue of the fine artists performing there.

#### In April:

Plaza Persian Room: 2-28, Ethel Ennis (who sang at Pres. Nixon's inauguration). Shepheard's at the Drake: 2-28, Pat Gallo and The Victorians. Rainbow Grill: Mar. 19-Apr. 14, Jackie Leonard and Janice Harper; 16-May 5, Julie Wilson. Waldorf Empire Room: 3-14, Sergio Franchi; 24-May 5, Bobby Darin. St. Regis Maisonette: 2-14, Count Basie; 23-May 12, Baroness Nina von Pallandt. The unusual New York Light Ensemble at NYU's Loeb Student Center, Apr. 4.

## In Chicago

by Alfred Zelcer

Trash with flash pervaded the mausoleum-like depths of the Auditorium theater last month, when Bette Midler performed here for the first time and gathered under one roof the devoted following she has built up over the past two year's four engagements at Mr. Kelly's. And some crowd it was. "Her Chicago trash babies," as she called us, rose to the occasion and matched her almost *zets* for *zets* in a widely exuberant exchange of electrifying energy and a great deal of good, old-fashioned adoration. Vocally, Miss M was in top shape, and her high-driven power was complemented by the great Barry Manilow arrangements and her charming girl trio, the Harlettes. Sartorially, she sported baggies and a tailored shirt, wrapped Balafonte-style across a mighty set of jugs. For the second half of the show, she wore a sleazy silver lamé gown (from the Mara Corday School of Bad Taste) that zipped off to reveal a sparkling corset and skin-tight black pedal pushers. Nobody was disappointed and, though scattered comments in the lobby concurred that it had been a great concert, some people also said that they were going home to take a short nap before going on

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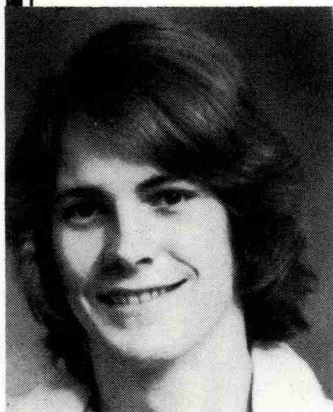
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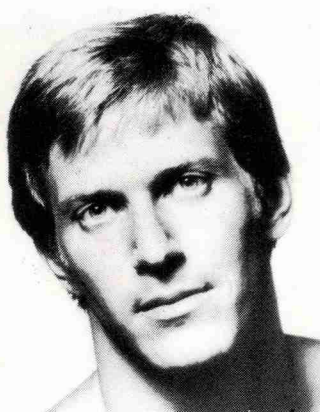
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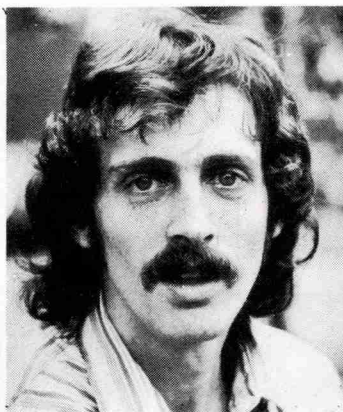
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The critical reception for *Eli*, the new musical by Alan Barcus, Joe Mantegna and John Paolitte, at the Forum Theatre, ranged from a mild "yes" to a mild "no," and through not much more was in order, Roger Bettmer of *Chicago Today*, pounced on the little show with all the indignity of an old dowager who's been goosed by a fresh kid. *Eli* truly is not very good, but there are pretty moments in the score, it has a wonderful set and the cast really tries. Most important, it is a *new* show, a *new* musical, yet, and if a daily critic is not willing to pull his trigger more kindly in the light of this, then we deserve all the Gabor-clad companies of *Forty Carats* that Chicago is so famous for. With the crummy deal that our recent home-grown products, *Warp* and *Status Quo Vadis*, have gotten in New York, it should be understood that Chicago theater should have neither the need nor the desire to ape the schizophrenic feast-or-famine arena that Broadway has become.

At the Goodman, the revival of the

Hecht-MacArthur classic, *Twentieth Century*, was a dowdy affair for which there is no excuse available. I won't mention names because the entire cast was uniformly embarrassing in their ineptness, but I will mention director William Woodman, whose extensive credits in the program indicate that he should (but doesn't) know better. Shining as the only professional light in the night was Clarke Dunham's stunning and atmospheric set, a virtuostic, whirling train car of Deco persuasion.

## In Los Angeles

by Viola Hegyi Swisher

*Trader Horn's* Rod Taylor, Ann Heyward and Jean Sorel have been shooting within shooting distance of Hollywood instead of locationing in Africa, as did Harry Carey, Edwina Booth and Duncan Renaldo for W. S. Van Dyke's original M-G-M biggie in 1930.

On the Lucky Baldwin Ranch site, within

sound of Santa Anita's "... and on the rail, entering the stretch..." the lush Arboretum is more like Africa than than Africa itself is now, says *Trader* director Iran's S. Badiyi. "That white goddess-gun bearer stuff," he noted, "doesn't go anymore. Our new *Trader Horn* is more of an adventure story. But it's still set in 1916."

Calamity dogged the old *Trader*. Rumored romances broke up marriages. Edwina Booth was said to have contracted a protracted, near-fatal jungle disease. Duncan Renaldo got into trouble — and prison — as an illegal alien before finally becoming TV's Cisco Kid in 1951.

Nobody in the current cast ever saw the original *Trader*. "Nothing personal," said pith-helmeted Rod Taylor, "I just don't want to play Harry Carey playing *Trader Horn*."

### Mini-Reviews:

Rex Harrison's sly juggling of the sardonic with the straight gave a thrust to Pirandello's reality-versus-fantasy dialectics in *Emperor Henry IV*, at the Shubert. Harrison illustriously defined the disoriented contemporary Italian nobleman who is tricked into a fall from his horse and lives thereafter as the 11th century's German Henry. Returning to reason (he says), he simultaneously murders the man who caused the accident and resumes the mask—or reality—of his fantasy.

Under Clifford Williams' direction, Eileen Herlie, James Donald and David Hurst did little to brighten lengthy expository conversations. But Abd'el Farrah's set, with its vaulting beams and huge spiderwebs, heralded *Henry's* mood.

Peter Brook's *Midsummer Night's Dream* and Shakespeare's were at times separate attractions on the Ahmanson stage, with Sally Jacobs' bright white and chrome caricature of a set framing the Royal Shakespeare Company's ambitious romp.

Frenetic action of the presentation proved that first-rate actors who are fifth-rate acrobats can deliver lines while swinging upside down from a trapeze and that a play can get lost in horseplay. Even when Peter Brook directs.

Oxford Playhouse — especially its women — dealt well with the sweet, textured sound of Dylan Thomas' poetry in *Under Milk Wood*. Jean Wellington's Polly Garter was a lush, heavy creature of nature who could become radiant intoning, "Oh, isn't life a terrible thing, thank God?"

Director Scott Hylands shepherded the Welsh villagers gently, using movement only as an obbligator to poetry. All the actors appeared to be devoted, a few performed with distinction and two were weak.

*McClure on Toast*, four self-indulgent sketches by Michael McClure, showcased some Company Theater talents without

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pushing most of them beyond the workshop level. *The Button* was best of the lot, beaming truth on the tough, tender years and let's-pretend games played in childhood's innocent lasciviousness.

Russell Pyle's amusing, busy fantasy set for *The Grabbing of the Fairy* provided visual distraction from a puerile verbal divertimento. That protean actor, Gar Campbell, almost made the labored monologue of *Spider Rabbit* work. *The Authentic Radio Life of Bruce Conner and Snoutburler* was negligible nostalgic commentary.

Between the cracks and beneath the quips, Michael Devereaux's *Don't Step on Ivan* lacked substance. But Tony Charmoli's direction gave it a semblance of crispness and Paula Shaw made a roguish show-biz gamine. Handsome Dexter Freeman was a rich boy, Margaretta Ramsey wrapped up the role of featherhead mother, and Jennifer Rhodes was a fiancée hard to relinquish.

## In San Francisco

by James Armstrong

ACT splendidly revived a grand and vintage American play; the Spring Opera Theatre opened it's series of four lavish productions; the Symphony began its season with a veritable UN of guest-conductors (try saying Schmidt-Isserstedt, Kertesz, Akiyama and Fruhbeck de Burgos rapidly!); and into town swam, among other attractions, the Royal Canadian Ballet (starring Nureyev and Potts, yet), Bobby Short with a pocket full of Porter, and a rare teaming of Ravi Shankar and Ali Akbar Kahn.

In still another part of the forest (as it were), the so-called sin-mills along Broadway, our boulevard of the bare and bouncing boobies and place of the public pubes, are getting flack from a blue-nose contingent who object to the wording of signs outside the various — er — nightclubs. Really, an enormous, lurid sign advertising "naked seduction" has to be more risible than prurient, and a Marxian (as in Groucho) mind wonders what there would be to see in a place where people are both bottomless and topless. (My absolute favorite was outside a place called The Woffler. A huge sign proclaimed a "Sexual Feast!" Bad enough, but the day they pasted onto one corner of it "Open for Lunch" was the day I nearly drove into a lamppost.)

Reviews:

The American Conservatory Theatre opened it's fifth repertory production of this season at the end of January. *You Can't Take It with You*, a George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart collaboration from the 30's that won a Pulitzer Prize, is probably even more relevant today, winning several mid-performance ovations for its pithy socio-political commentary

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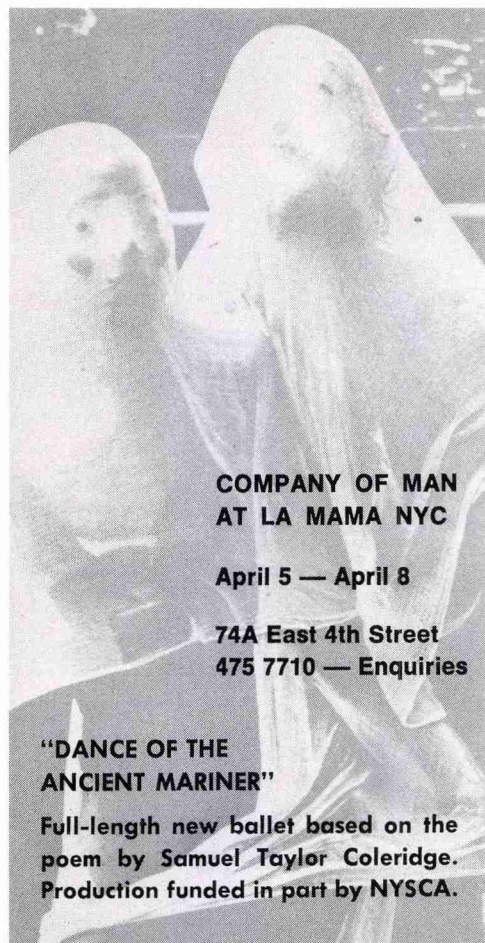
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from the almost innocent mouths of those lovable characters from another era.

Jack O'Brien directed this ACT revival of Ellis Rabb's original APA production with an excellent sense of moderation and letting those perfectly marvelous lines carry themselves, with a little assist from a superb cast.

The Spring Opera Theatre's *Carmen* is a damn good job. It's handsomely mounted (by John Scheffler), inventively staged (by Richard Pearlman), the voices are all good, and, joy of joys, the singers are all handsome and sexy. If this review isn't a rave, however, it's because at the performance attended, the baton of conductor George Cleve lacked all drive, pacing, and much sense of drama. "One act, one hour" is a good rule for *Parsifal*, but a rotten one for *Carmen*.

If the Smouldering Passion of Ariel Bybee's well-acted *Carmen* seemed unconvincing at times, her singing, good looks, and legs made up for it. Don José is not the deepest-drawn character in the world (or maybe it's just that he's such a commonplace one), but tenor Jack Trussel not only made him credible and bearable, but rose to all the vocal demands with a kind of dry excellence that was very satisfying.

## In Boston

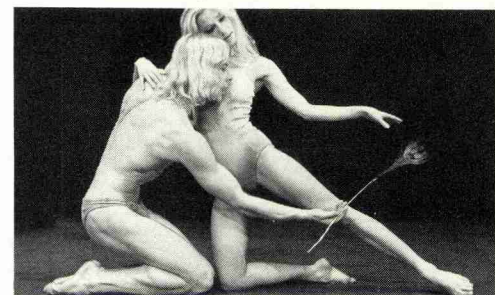
by Laurence Senelick

Real imagination, discipline and intelligence are so hard to come by on the stage these days, that to meet them in combination is overwhelming. What prompts this effusion is the current tour of the Polish Mime Ballet Theater, touring the U.S. for the first time in five years. Neither wholly dance nor mime, the experience they offer is all theater and a yard wide. The physically superb performers have the musculature of athletes and they seem able to do almost anything with their bodies. Yet the wit and simplicity with which they conjure up whole worlds is also profoundly exciting. In the opening piece, a red kimono is imbued with a life of its own. A bloody hand thrust from behind a screen has all the shock effect of a tabloid headline.

Their *pièce de résistance* is a version of Goethe's *Faust* (set to Berlioz and funky jazz), which sends up the original hilariously while remaining true to its spirit. The Faust and Mephisto, Leszek Czarnota and Janusz Pieczuro, without the aid of words, create two of the richest characterizations I've seen in ages.

With much fanfare from the press-agents, TCB finally opened its production of *Richard III*, with Al Pacino in the role of the original Tricky Dick. The result can be defined as a chestnut surrounded on four sides by turkey. The acting is embarrassingly amateurish; the staging inept and without a clue that the play is about practical politics;

and Pacino's listless impersonation, alternating between a mumble and a yelp, suggests he has the wrong hunchback in mind.



Paris (Stefan Niedziałkowski) tickles the fancy of Helen of Troy (Danuta Kisiel-Drzewinska) in the Polish Mime Ballet Theatre's "The Departure of Faust." (Photo by Robert Chapman)

## In D.C.

by Noel Gillespie

### April Events:

Opera—*Andrea Chenier*, Baltimore Opera, Lyric Theatre in Baltimore; Monteverdi's *Incoronazione di Poppea*, Washington Opera Society, Opera House; Kurka's *The Good Soldier Schweik*, Opera Theatre of Northern Virginia; *Mikado*, D. C. Recreation Studio, Lisner Auditorium.

Theater—Eisenhower, Peter Brook's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and the American College Theatre Festival; Folger, Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*; WTC, Gurney's *Scenes of American Life*; Burn Brae, *The King and I*; Baltimore's Center Stage, *The Me Nobody Knows*.

Dance—Opera House, National Ballet, 13-5; American Ballet Theatre, 17-29; Baltimore (Lyric), Maryland Ballet with Liliana Cosi, 28-9; D.C. Black Repertory Dance Co., 12-29.

A bright future seems assured for Al Carmines' *A Look at the Fifties*, judging from its professional premiere at Arena Stage. The pungent commentary on the ideas and styles of a conforming decade offers its audience hilarious but cutting satire in the tradition of Shaw. Rather than mere parodies (as in most of the current nostalgia craze), *Look* offers imitations that provide ironic insights as well as entertainment. The production, Arena's largest of a musical, is near-perfect in all respects and deserves to be transferred to New York.

The Washington Theatre Club gave the world premiere of Arthur Laurents' *The Enclave* on Feb. 21. Because the focal character is a homosexual who precipitates the action by emerging from the closet, it has been called a gay play, but it is actually a study of friends with varied problems and their need for communication. It is not, however, a tragedy; the chief characteristic (besides brilliant performances in an excitedly directed production) is a mordant sense of humor. Possibly too many points are belabored, but it adds up to a most

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powerful evening. The work of Peg Murray, Hal Linde, Tom Happer and Larry Hugo calls for special recognition.

## REVIEWS: THEATER On Broadway and Off

by Richard Philp

Tennessee Williams is perhaps the most interesting subject of his own plays. There is a definite and an exciting progression from the early works, on which his reputation is largely based, to the recent experimental plays. During the thirty-three years since *Battle of Angels* confirmed his credentials as a pro, Williams' work has somewhat obliquely shifted emphasis from randy, Laurentian plots to introspective probes. *Out Cry*, at the Lyceum, holds the stage as an ambitious and tantalizingly imaginative work which will intrigue its special audience and impress the fact that a master craftsman has been at work. But *Out Cry*, in spite of fine and intensely dramatic scenes, does not pull together and meet its mark. Some of the more obvious reasons are the most frustrating.

Among them, Williams overwrites. He does not trust the intelligence of his audience. For example, one of the two characters *tells* us that the play is a dramatic metaphor. Another picky point is with Williams' poetic imagery. It often burdens speech instead of heightening and coloring it. In this production the situation is aggravated by Michael York, who has a habit of referring to New Bethesda (where the play-within-a-play is set) as New Bethesder and to an idea as an *idear*. There are other small things, which add up, things director Peter Glenville should have caught: some muted mumbling over mikes backstage is described as sounding like "a house full of ferocious, unfed apes"; and Jo Mielziner's set, aside from serving as a screen for projections which are out of context with the script, places some of the action out of sightlines. Small things, but enough to put you up on edge and start gunning for the bad lines: "There are punctuation marks in life and one of them includes a period," or "...the giant, secret program called God."

York lacks the strength (or seeming wisdom) which Williams apparently demands for his tortured character. We are, in fact, *told* that both brother and sister (who are probably ready for long-term psychiatric hospitalization) have been pronounced very strong by a certified doctor. (Strike *certified*. He may not have been certified.) York apparently found little that was revealing or interesting in a role which, by just listening to the words, is both revealing and interesting.



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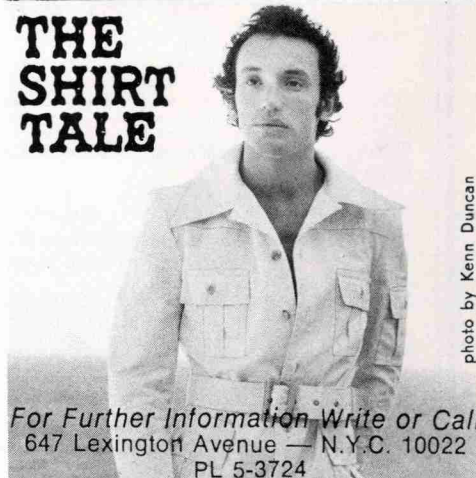


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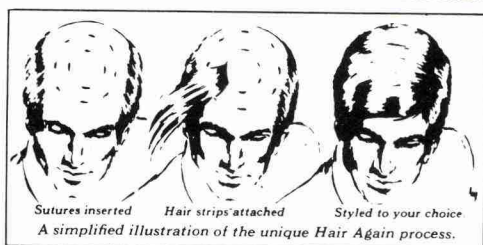
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Opposite York is Cara Duff-MacCormick, who plays most convincingly a paranoid woman who is trapped in a theater with her brother, with whom she has an incestuous relationship. They are both—the brother and the sister—actors. As actors, they have come to a theater to rehearse a production for which there is no audience. There are lights and props, sounds and sets—but no audience. The play they rehearse is about a young man and his sister, the "deranged children of a false mystic." The actors can not find a resolution for their play, which touches on the violent deaths of both their parents; but tonight the brother-sister team pushes on, improvising. "But things *do* end," she argues. They drop out of their roles, then enter them again, this time determined to lose themselves completely in their fantasy. Before taking off on this final and somewhat terrifying trip, the sister drops out of character and suggests to her brother that they drop the play from their repertoire altogether because it is "too special for this audience."

And perhaps, just perhaps, it is. *Out Cry* is about resolutions, about the tenuous balance between reality and fantasy. I hope that, because it requires a special and sympathetic audience, it is not going to resolve itself out of commission altogether.

Jean Kerr appears to be living her life in a cloud—as if she hadn't strayed from her home in Larchmont for, oh, say, fifteen years. But, being a rather shrewd lady (I imagine) and a competent playwright capable of crafting a neatly turned three-act family-comic drama, she has put her distance and her amazement into words, some of which are very funny. Director Joseph Anthony has put the words into action; Barbara Bel Geddes and Robert Lansing, as Mr. and Mrs. Middle-aged American Wasps, have brought the whole thing to a mellow-gold life in a play which must be one of the most reasonable evenings of lightweight theater in—well, in a very long time. The play is called *Finishing Touches* and it is running at the Plymouth Theatre.

The play deals with a difficult subject—in addition to changing morals and generation gaps and extra-marital affairs. Like most good comedy, disaster lurks dangerously close by: Katy Cooper (Barbara Bel Geddes, with her face all pucked up) and her husband Jeff (Robert Lansing, quiet-suffering, paternal) have reached the crisis of middle age—those years of difficult passage from youth to acceptance of one's self, one's failures, one's death. "Remember 1948," says Katy, "people *believed* in things, they had standards. . . ." And Jeff: "I had secret dreams. . . I don't think I'll have them anymore."

Mrs. Kerr has shaped this material into an evening which is not only amusing—as



billed—but honest. The beautiful performances by Bel Geddes and Lansing are essential, for these two establish—with a look, with a laugh, with a touch—that they are soul-mates despite the threat of having fallen out of love.

Also in the cast, I especially liked Denise Galik as Elsie Ketchum, who is one of the most interesting characters Mrs. Kerr has ever created. Initially perceived as a slow-witted blonde with a penchant for pink angora ("I had four years of Latin in high school, and I can't even read sundials!"), she is gradually revealed as a compassionate young woman who wants to teach retarded children. As Elsie's character evolves, the playwright sets the tone for the concluding scenes without reverting to sentimentality or cruel jokes.

To play up the comic aspects of *Finishing Touches* at the expense of the play's sterling content is to misrepresent it. Audiences set solely on getting a good giggle will undoubtedly be surprised and pleased with the added dimensions.

**Warp One: Episode I: My Battlefield, My Body** was part camp, part satire, and designed to plunder the imaginations of just about anybody, any age, any persuasion. I found myself getting caught up in one of the goddamnedest plots to hitch a ride along Broadway's pike in years. Written by Bury St. Edmund and Stuart Gordon (Gordon also directed), *Warp I* lasted a week at the Ambassador and was the first of *three* scheduled episodes, all presented by Chicago's Organic Theater Company. The staging was marvelous—simple, clean, gimmicky in the nicest possible sense. And, despite some slow spots and the feeling that there was a lot of corn here that should have gone unpopped, the show drew me in. Imagine! The audacity of these fine young performers. Expecting you to go three full evenings to a *serial* on Broadway is so outrageous that—well, how could you possibly resist? And so, *Warp I*, Broadway's first science-fiction-epic-comic-book-adventure play was launched—and crashed next to its launching pad. But not without an ardent following.

## Off Off and Away

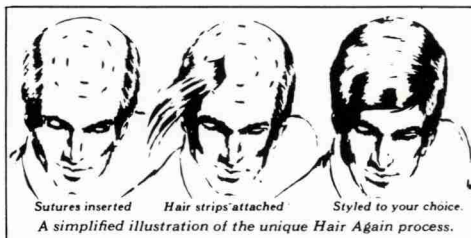
by Robb Baker

Lanford Wilson's **Hot L Baltimore** (at the Circle Theatre) is a major new work by one of our best young playwrights. Like *That Championship Season*, it's delightfully old-fashioned, right down to its three-act structure, its conventional dramatic situation (setting: the lobby of a past-its-prime residential hotel that has just been slated for urban-renewal demolition) and its cast of

(continued on p.61)

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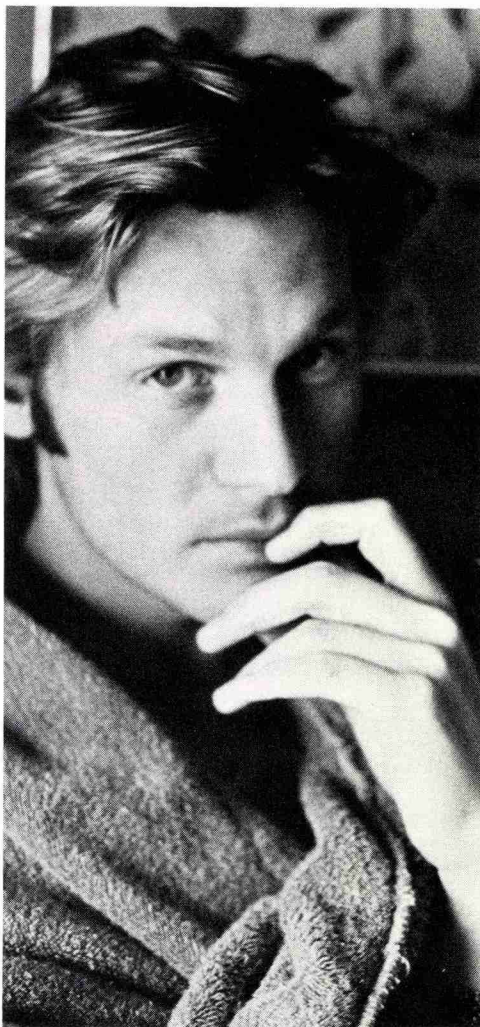
# HELMUT BERGER: Rich, Young and Decidedly Decadent

but Helmut Berger's talents transcend the type-casting

by Paul Jabara

In 1969, when the posters and the ads for Luchino Visconti's film, *The Damned*, appeared, the public saw the figure of a Mariene Dietrich-like character, complete with garters, top hat and sardonic, smirking smile. This was how the American public first met Helmut Berger. *The Damned* was a magnificent success and so was the slender, dark blond, blue-eyed Austrian actor, who was, at the time, twenty-four years old. As Visconti had made international stars of Marcello Mastroianni in *White Nights* and Alain Delon in *Rocco and His Brothers* and *The Leopard*, so he had focused on Berger in *The Damned*. And Helmut met the challenge by turning in an unforgettable performance as Martin, the neurotic heir to a rich and degenerate steel family, a role that demanded an astonishing range of histrionics from a Hamlet-like lust for his mother (Ingrid Thulin) and loathing for her lover (Dirk Bogarde) to child molesting and perversion. And during the action Martin's character goes through the transformation from a spoiled weakling to one of hardened cruelty, no mean feat for any actor.

Helmut Berger was born in Salzburg, Austria, the son of a restaurateur. He attended college in Feldkirch, near the Swiss border, then went to England to perfect his English and to study acting. "I have always wanted to be an actor," Berger admits, "from when I was a little boy I loved going to the theater and the cinema. I always identified myself with a character."



Below:

Perhaps because of his good looks and sensitive manner, Helmut Berger has been an obvious choice for a certain type of film role. He has overcome this potential handicap by means of stunning displays of talent. (Photo by Pietro Pascuttini)

Opposite page:

In Cinema 5's "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis," Helmut Berger, Dominique Sanda and Lino Capolicchio act out the plight of young Italian Jews caught in the machinations of Fascism. Vittorio De Sica's beautiful and perceptively filmed movie won the Academy Award for "Best Foreign Language Film" in 1971. (Photo by Elisabetta Catalano)

Currently Berger lives in Rome and is working again with Visconti, resulting in *Ludwig*, the strange account of Ludwig II, the eccentric nineteenth-century king of Bavaria. Berger recalls his early film career in Italy. "I was twenty when I went to Perugia, to the university for foreigners to study Italian. In my first film I did a very small role. It was a film with Silvana Mangano and Annie Girardot called *Le Streghe*. There were four sketches, one of which was directed by Visconti. He was looking for boys . . . skiers, actors who knew how to ski. And I went for an audition and got the part."

Berger's first feature role was in *The Young Tigers*, directed by Leon Viola, in which he played the son of a rich Milanese industrialist and who becomes involved in a robbery. Then Berger rejoined Visconti, working on *The Damned*.

"*The Damned* was my first really important role. I was terrified for the first couple of weeks, playing opposite so many famous actors," and Helmut Berger smiles. "But then I began to relax." When asked whether Visconti is easy to work with or if he is difficult and demanding, Berger replies, "He's not difficult, but he is demanding and very precise. He knows what he wants. He gives you complete freedom, but he controls you enough so that you don't overdo something. He controls your movement but gives you the freedom to work within the basic framework."

Helmut has been busy since *The*







*Damned*, starring in Maurizio Liverani's *Do You Know What Stalin Did to Women?*, a satire on Communism, and, more notably, in Vittorio De Sica's *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*, where again he plays the effete son of a wealthy (in this case, Italian-Jewish) family. In a moving performance, he fades away from life, seemingly from *Weltschmerz*, under the anti-Semitic pall of burgeoning Fascism. Two other films have been the French *Strange Love Affair* (translation his) with Virna Lisi, and the artistically disastrous (on all accounts) *Dorian Gray*, an up-dated bastardization of the Oscar Wilde novel.

*Ludwig* promises, however, to be another coup for Visconti, who has teamed the formidable talents of Berger, Trevor Howard, Silvana Mangano and Romy Schneider with his own. "Mad King Ludwig" was, in Berger's words, "very eccentric and

modern before his time. At nineteen, he was the only one who understood Wagner's music, and he helped Wagner to become what Wagner is today. Ludwig was very sensitive, he loved nature, flowers, and he was against war. If he were alive today, he would probably be considered a hippie.

"It's really a very interesting story and it's always exciting to work with a good director, especially like Visconti. He is one of the best directors we have left . . . in his class and of his intelligence. He's brilliant.

"Trevor Howard plays Richard Wagner, Silvana Mangano plays his wife and Romy Schneider is playing Elizabeth of Austria, Ludwig's cousin. Trevor Howard and I have something in common in this film—we both don't like Wagner!"

Berger enjoys living and working in Rome " . . . the Colosseum, oh, yes, and *spaghetti alla puttana*, that's my favorite!"



At right:

In MGM's "Ludwig," the young king of Bavaria (Helmut Berger, left) courts Sophie (Sonia Petrova, seated), his cousin and the sister of the woman he truly loves. Count Durckheim (Helmut Griem, rear), Ludwig's faithful aide, looks on.

Opposite above:

In "Ludwig," the neurotic young ruler takes pride in the reflected glory he receives in recognizing and financing the genius of Richard Wagner (Trevor Howard).

Opposite below:

During the last years of his still youthful life, Ludwig spent more and more time in seclusion in the various castles and lodges to which he had devoted so much of his efforts and so much of Bavaria's treasury. During this period he also came to terms with his homosexuality and kept certain servants, soldiers and guests for his entertainment.



Recently he has devoted much of his time courting Tina Aumont, the beautiful daughter of Jean-Pierre Aumont and Maria Montez. "I am mad for her," he immodestly proclaims. "She's very beautiful and very talented."

As for America, Berger says, "I like America very much. It's beautiful to go there with a successful film like *The Damned* under your arm. However, I would hate to go there looking for work. New York is fun for two weeks . . . I like to move around a lot. The American youth, however, intrigued me. So many individual characters . . . much more than in Europe."

As for future plans, Helmut Berger generalizes with "Glamour is dead. But I am going to do my best to bring it back to the cinema." And surely *Ludwig* partly fulfills that promise.





## "Lady Caroline Lamb" and Richard Chamberlain

by Norma McLain Stoop

In *Lady Caroline Lamb* (produced by Fernando Ghia, directed by Robert Bolt, United Artists), brilliant, sexy Richard Chamberlain plays brilliant, sexy George Gordon, Lord Byron (a legend in his time), with dashing style.

Hurriedly lunching in his Sherry-Netherland suite, Chamberlain, looking every bit as handsome in shirt sleeves as in the period costumes he wears in the film, evidences strong feelings about the lack of legends today.

"There are few of them left," he says vehemently. "There are no new Edith Evanses or Margaret Rutherfords — both of whom were created through tradition and breeding. Now, if you lift your head above the crowd, you're in danger of being shot! There's a fierce resentment of splendid people now — the gimmick is somebody new, somebody new all the time."

The food on his fork forgotten, Chamberlain looks dreamily at the ceiling, his almond eyes full of memories. "Mae West," he breathes in reverential tones. "She's about the only person who could walk into a room full of jaded Hollywood folk and turn all heads. I'll never forget her walking into one party there, a vision in white with three storeys of blonde hair and regally holding court. A real skyscraper person!"

A superb film full of subtle irony, *Lady Caroline Lamb* deals with skyscraper people of another era. Sarah Miles is spellbinding as the beautiful, capricious and daring Caroline, who risks her fine marriage to handsome M. P., William Lamb (played to perfection by Jon Finch), for Byron, the literary lion of the day. There is a superabundance of fine acting in this film which lavishes the talents of John Mills, Margaret Leighton, Ralph Richardson, Pamela Brown, Laurence Olivier and Silvia Monti on its lucky viewers.

When I mention to Chamberlain my surprise at his lack of a limp in portraying Byron, he explains that research proved that Byron had not a club foot but a shriveled foot. "He was so vain," Chamberlain says, "that he would have done anything to disguise his limp, so I played him wearing one shoe high and one low, but trying my best *not* to limp."

"Why the heavy eye make-up?" I query. "Did Byron actually get himself up like that?"

"Well, no," he admits, "Byron didn't — though he wore curlers often — but I did wear a lot of eye make-up because Bolt

wanted to emphasize a very sinister look, and he felt that would help."

California-born Chamberlain is a divided man: spending part of his time in England and part in the United States, part of his time in the theater and part in films. That's the way he likes it. TV's *Dr. Kildare* put him in the public eye and he recently did a TV special, *The Woman I Love*, playing King Edward VIII opposite Faye Dunaway's Wallis Simpson, but period productions on stage and screen seem to be the order of the day for him . . . *Richard II* in Los Angeles and Washington, *The Lady's Not for Burning* at England's Chichester Festival, and *Lady Caroline Lamb* on the screen, for example.

However, it was while he was in a very different sort of production that he got a new and, to him, mind-blowing insight on acting. "While I was in *The Fantasticks* in Chicago, which I did just for a lark," he says, "I heard Sir Laurence Olivier read a Shakespeare sonnet on the Cavett show. All that Shakespeare wanted to say was embodied in it, and a friend, Paul Gleason (who teaches movement and acting), said, 'It's the sound — it's resonating the right sound. That's what acting is all about.' I worked on that theory in *The Fantasticks*. Suddenly," he says excitedly, "it felt like the penny had dropped to the bottom of the pool instead of feeling as though it hung suspended!" He searches for words. "It's like treading water and suddenly knowing how it feels to have your foot touch bottom — to make contact at last!"

*Lady Caroline Lamb* is a film bathed in beauty from beginning to end: from David Walker's lovely costumes to the stunning scenes in Italy and the stately homes of England — all photographed with what I can best describe as a loving lens. All this and Robert Bolt's keen direction make it an exciting, distinguished film about complex people who enriched (or decorated) a fascinating era.

Of course, Richard Chamberlain is still caught up in the excitement of the release of *Lady Caroline Lamb*, but he's already looking forward to the chance of testing his new theories when he plays Cyrano de Bergerac in October in Los Angeles' Ahmanson Theatre.

"I want Cyrano to be really ugly," he says fiercely. "It's exactly the kind of challenge I like best!"



Above:  
George Gordon, Lord Byron (Richard Chamberlain), never forgave the uninhibited *Lady Caroline Lamb* for her hot pursuit and (temporary) annexation of his ego.





*Top:*  
Too much alike for anyone's good, Caroline (Sarah Miles) and sought-after poet, Byron, share a short and tempestuous affair.

*Above:*  
Byron is subtly influenced by the influential Lady Melbourne (Margaret Leighton), mother of William Lamb, Caroline's long-suffering husband.

*Above left:*  
William Lamb (Jon Finch), brilliant young member of Parliament who later became Queen Victoria's trusted Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, shares a honeymoon bed with Lady Caroline Lamb, whom he loved to her dying day despite her frivolity and cruelty.

*At left:*  
Caroline creeps into bed with the Duke of Wellington (Laurence Olivier) to try to mend the harm she has done to her husband's career.



## "Brother Sun and Sister Moon" and Father Zeffirelli

Director Franco Zeffirelli takes on St. Francis

by Patrick R. Pacheco

His greeting is affectionate, warm and devastatingly sincere. He enters the sitting room of his suite at the Hotel Plaza with the grace of a man who has seen much of worldly things but is not overly self-conscious about it. The direct gaze of his incredibly blue, blue eyes inspires such confidence and trust that it seems he could elicit some emotion from even the most hardened individuals. Exuberant, handsome and idealistic, the best way to describe Franco Zeffirelli is as an older version of the beautiful people who populate his films. Films such as *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Taming of the Shrew* and now *Brother Sun and Sister Moon*, the story of St. Francis. Like a true son of Italy, he motions expansively as he explains why he chose his latest subject.

"Man needs some encouragement. Too many films stress the horrors that man is capable of doing, but there are other facets that are just as valid and they are positive. A positive approach to life would be very useful at this point. We are looking for simplicity, for a hopeful approach to life, for a way to get away from this cage of complication we have surrounded ourselves with. I wanted to tell the story of a poet, Francis, who discovered the beauties of life and, through them, was able to find the secret of creation—simplicity.

"I did it for myself," he unabashedly admits. "I felt I had to do it. If it happens to coincide with what people are thinking, fine; but if not, I don't care. For me, it is a personal achievement."

Responding to the question if there were any new challenges he met in this film, he sighs and confesses, "I feel very exposed and weakened by this film. I am very vulnerable. They [the critics] can hit me on the head. However, there is no other way. If you are not aware or concerned with questions of existence and spirit, you can go on your way. But if you are, you have to expose yourself. I have not used any professional tricks to cover me. It is all there, simple and straightforward—and honest. That I know. Everything I put in it—stupid, weak or whatever—is honest and heartfelt."

If critics should attack *Brother Sun and Sister Moon* for its air of unreality, that is because Zeffirelli "wanted it to be a legend, a vision of beauty. The whole level of beauty—flowers, Clare's hair, his friends, his mother—is heightened more than reality because Francis saw the world in those terms. Yet, not in a fashionable way but with simplicity. I wanted to immerse the audience in a planet of beauty."

Zeffirelli took a big gamble in casting the roles of Romeo and Juliet with two very young and inexperienced actors. The result was a film of vitality and freshness. He has followed suit by casting two Londoners,

Graham Faulkner, who is twenty-three, and Judi Bowker, who is sixteen, in the respective roles of Francis and Clare. Of the former he exclaims in appropriate terms, "I think this boy is an absolute miracle! He took on a role possibly second only to Hamlet in difficulty without ever having been on a stage before. His first screen test was for me. I had already cast Francis when I met him, and as soon I saw him, I said to myself, 'This is Francis.' He threw himself completely into the role. Judi Bowker is just beautiful, just a babe barely out of her mother's lap. But I think, in some stories, it is necessary to cast unknown young people for the essential freshness of interpretation. Of course, in *Taming of the Shrew*, the fun was to see what the Burtons would do with the roles, especially after *Virginia Woolf*. But in *Romeo and Juliet*. . . suppose Mia Farrow were to play Juliet. To the audience, Mia Farrow is Mia playing Juliet, but Olivia Hussey is Juliet first and then Olivia Hussey. Imagine Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal as Romeo and Juliet. . ." Groans and laughs from those present. "Better acting perhaps . . . but far less exciting."

Franco Zeffirelli looks upon his filmmaking and his encouraging young talent as a "mission." As a prestigious director with power, he feels a responsibility to movie audiences as well as to the industry's fledglings. "Young people must be made aware of the fact that tomorrow, not 'someday,' they may be called upon to play a starring role."

Whatever the popular or critical outcome will be, *Brother Sun and Sister Moon* is bound to be affecting with its message of simple piety and hope. Already from Italy, where the film was released earlier, there has been a tremendous outpour of mail. A young girl from Bergamo wrote to say that the film had inspired her to go on living rather than to commit suicide. "It all sums up to one big question," Franco emphasizes sincerely, "are we a conglomeration of cells that after death dissolves into nothingness, or is our material body just a box that houses an eternal soul? Francis said, 'Yes, we have a soul,' and saw that all creation was a part of a plan. He saw a world bathed in loveliness."

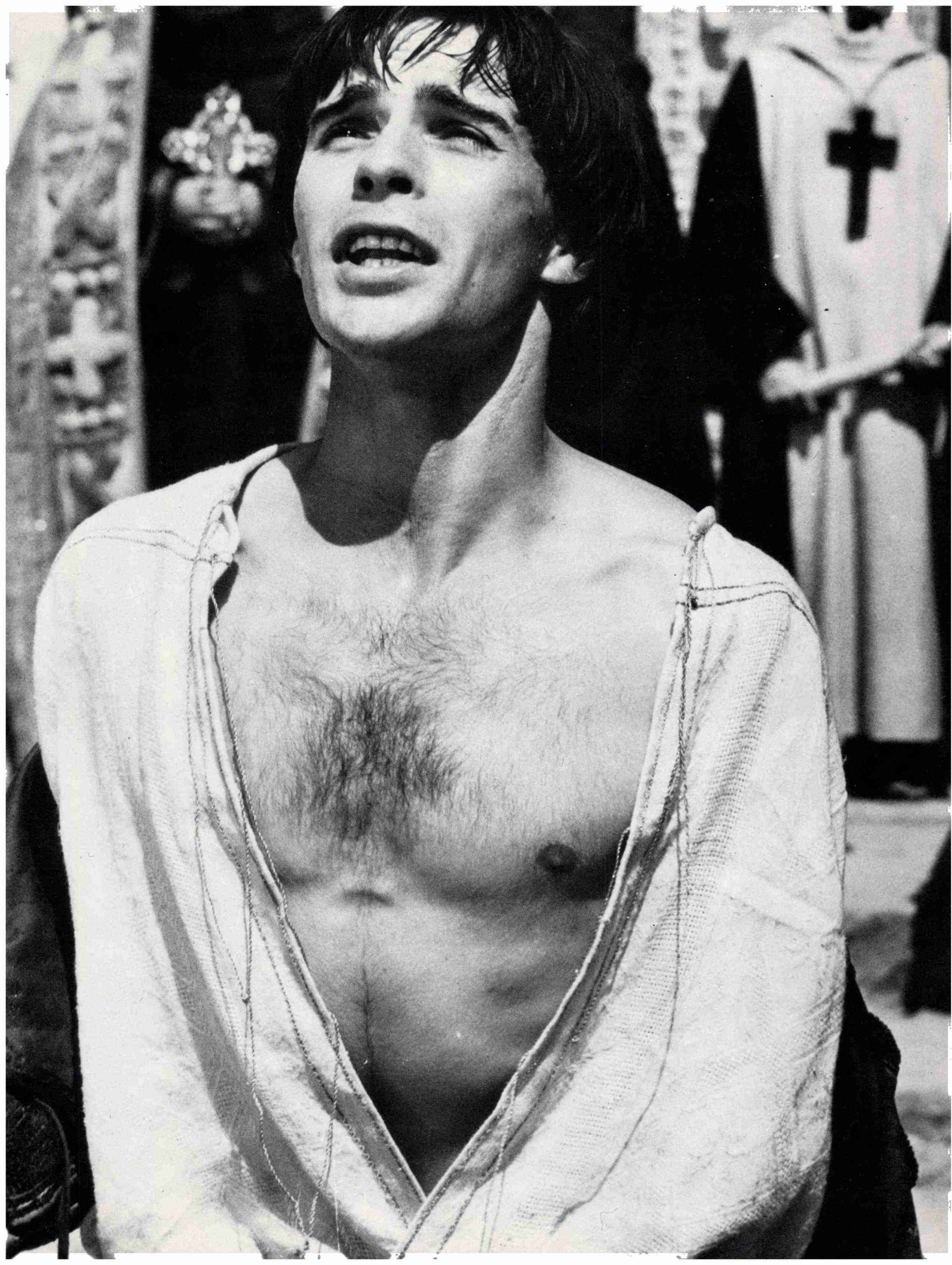
And it is this story that Franco Zeffirelli has translated lyrically and poetically to the screen.



*Opposite page:*

Graham Faulkner is a young, thoughtful and dynamic St. Francis in the visually stunning film, "Brother Sun and Sister Moon," directed by Franco Zeffirelli.

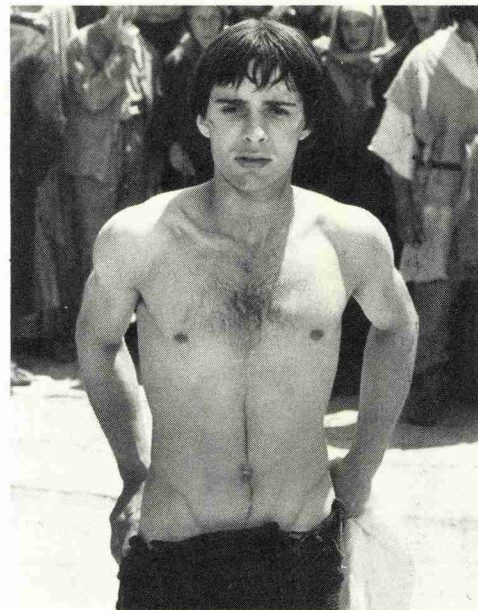






At right and below:

*In this impressive scene, Francis forsakes worldly wealth for spiritual wealth and dramatically manifests this by divesting his rich clothes before the bishop, priests and people of Assisi. The affluent bishop, shocked yet puzzled by this show of poverty, orders that Francis be covered with his episcopal cape.*



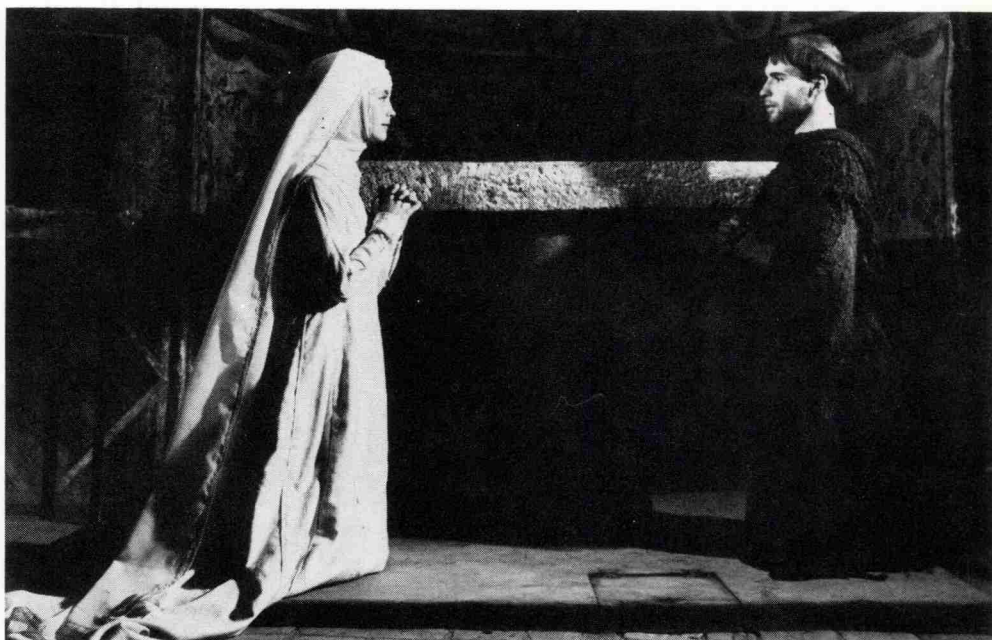




At left:  
His gentle, loving French mother (Valentina Cortese) is perplexed by her son's sudden religious fervor, but implicitly trusts him. She mediates between Francis and his irate father, a wealthy textile merchant, who disowns him.

Below left:  
Before his religious conversion, a lusty young Francis prepares for martial combat against a neighboring city-state. In the ensuing battle, Francis is wounded and suffers a long convalescence, which finally results in his march to sanctity.

Below right:  
Francis and Clare (Judi Bowker) consecrate themselves to God and to the poor in the church. Francis and his followers (other young sons of Assisi's nobility) have labored to restore. Symbolic of this commitment, they have cut their hair.



At left:  
Alec Guinness plays the powerful and worldly Pope Innocent III, who is touched and moved by the simplicity of the first Franciscans when they visit Rome to receive a papal blessing.



Top:

Clare, a strikingly beautiful young girl of Assisi, offers sympathy and understanding as Francis is maligned and ridiculed in the streets during his conversion. She eventually joins him, and founds her own religious order.

Center:

Francis is appalled at the working conditions in his father's factory and realizes that the suffering of the poor must be alleviated. They in turn, react with wonder and gratitude.

Bottom:

Francis is framed with holy candles as he enters the Vatican in Rome to seek help from the Pope. The photo aptly augurs his future beatification.

Opposite page:

Like "the birds who neither sow nor reap," Francis is free of all worldly goods in order to follow his calling to completely serve God and man.









# She's a Sure Bette!

**The Divine Miss Midler to receive  
After Dark "Ruby" Award**

by William Como

photo by Kenn Duncan

Everybody wants to dance with Bette Midler—the flame-haired singing sensation whose career has soared to the top in the last twelve months. Her name is on everyone's lips and her hit Atlantic recording is on everyone's stereo.

"The Divine Miss M" is the 1973 recipient of the After Dark "Ruby" Award for Performer of the Year. The award is named after the first recipient, Miss Ruby Keeler, who

received the award in 1971, the year that irrepressible star delighted crowds in *No, No, Nanette*. The following year, Miss Keeler made the presentation to Dorothy Collins, star of *Follies*.

After Dark's "Starry Night Presentation" will take place on April 23 at the Casino Russe in Manhattan and full photo coverage of the event will appear in the June issue.





## "Caravaggio" in Cincinnati

by Glenn Loney

The name Michelangelo is known to most people who have any pretensions to a love of fine art. His family name was not Buonarroti, however. He did not decorate the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. His David is not included in survey courses or sold by the hundreds in replica. And he was not, by any means, universally admired by princes and cardinals who commissioned works of art.

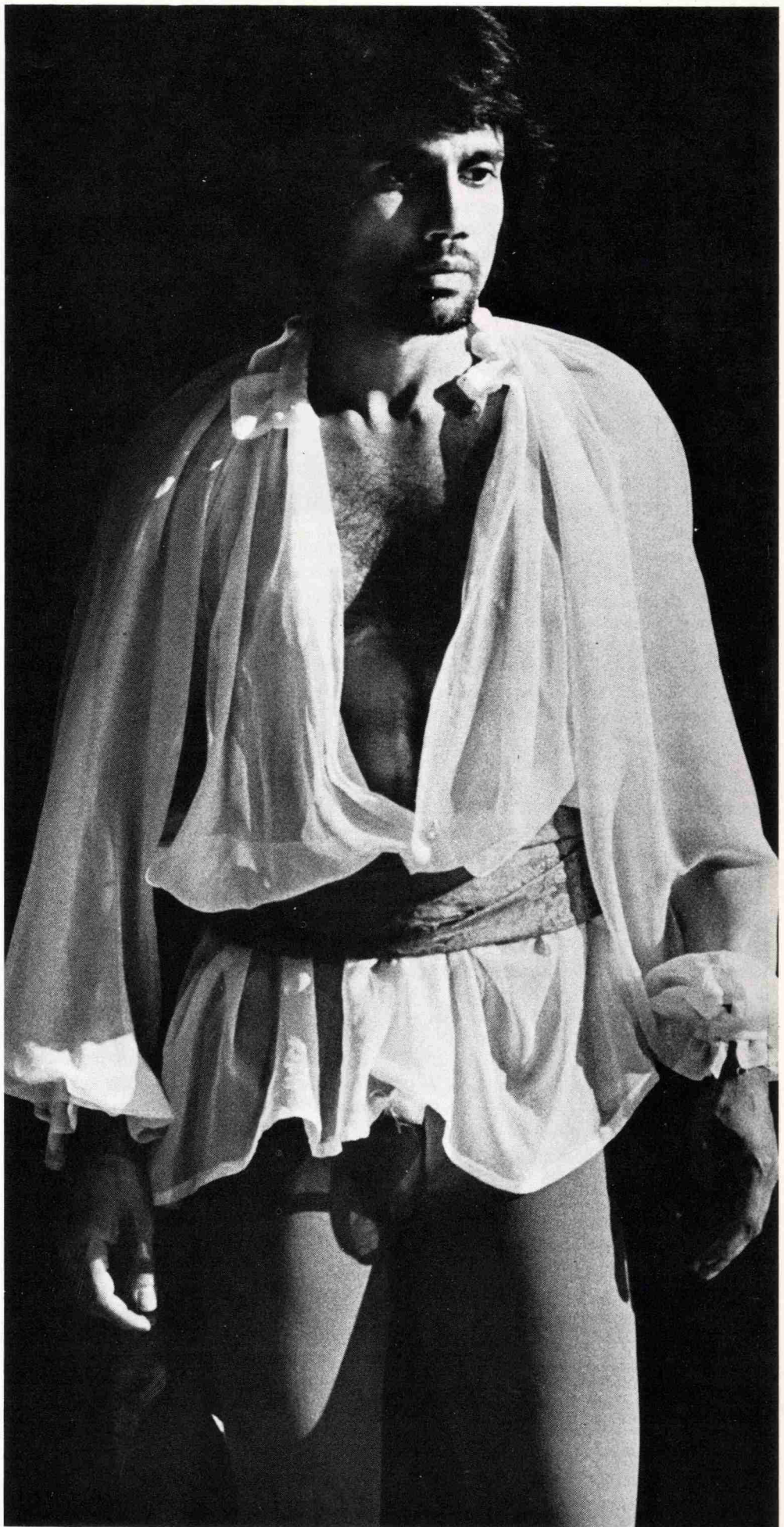
This strange and stormy genius was Michelangelo Merisi, who took the name of his town, Caravaggio, for his own. Born in 1573, he lived only thirty-seven years. Into that time he seemed to have crowded a most tempestuous existence, much of which can only be surmised. What has survived him is a dazzling collection of paintings, visions in oil which, in the opinion of a number of art historians, were to revolutionize European painting. And there are frequent entries in the police records of Rome, from 1590 to 1610. Aside from that, little is known of the man. He left no writings, no drawings. He had successfully alienated fellow artists and patrons who might have written of his life and work with sympathy.

Certainly such meager materials are not a promising beginning for an epic pageant of the life and sorrows of the mysterious, half-mad painter called Caravaggio. Yet, author Michael Straight has created a script which brings man and painting into sharp, painful focus.

What is perhaps more important—considering the large cast, many scenes, and dramatic challenges—is that *Caravaggio* has received a magnificent regional theater premiere, a first showing which eloquently demonstrated the beauties and the potentialities of the play. This play, like Howard Sackler's multi-scened, mammoth-cast *Great White Hope*, was simply too much for Broadway to handle initially. It is one of the most provocative and impressive productions mounted in a regional theater. And, had it not been done by such an able theater group as Cincinnati's Playhouse-in-the-Park, it might never have been done at all on the professional stage.

*At right:*

Cal Bellini portrayed the brilliant but neurotic Renaissance painter, Michelangelo Caravaggio, in Michael Straight's "Caravaggio," produced at Cincinnati's Playhouse-in-the-Park under the direction of Word Baker.





It was a bold stroke for Word Baker, director of the endlessly running *The Fantasticks*, to tackle such a project. The Robert S. Marx Theatre on top of Cincinnati's Mount Adams seats only 672 people, and the scheduled program of plays during each season prevents extending a run, no matter how popular a show may be. That meant that even if *Caravaggio* was an overwhelming triumph, it would still have lost money. A lot of money, as it turned out, in terms of the bare budgets regional theaters must work with. But this is chicken feed in terms of Broadway spending.

Baker, however, has such foresight and understanding of how an effective theater program can be developed for regional audiences, that he was more than willing to take the plunge into the murky world of Michelangelo Merisi. Earlier in the season he had treated Cincinnatians to *Jacques Brel*, *Slow Dance on the Killing Ground*, *Angel Street* (directed by Anthony Perkins) and *The Last Sweet Days of Isaac*, Baker's own production, done the way he wanted to do it in New York and couldn't. Hits are nice, of course, but too many of them in a row spoil audiences. Taking a chance on something which may prove to be still a work-in-progress, as *Caravaggio* was judged by some critics, can be an exciting theatrical counterpoint to established, virtually pre-sold plays.

If Caravaggio is not exactly a household word for many theater buffs, Straight's drama may soon make it such. Straight, talking to reporter Jean Dietrich, has explained his interest in this artist of the late Renaissance: "My play takes place 300 years ago . . . and I was showing how the free-soul Bohemian artist who collides with a rigidly passionate Christian society destroys himself. *Caravaggio* becomes contemporary in the sense that the young who are in rebellion are colliding with a society that will destroy them if they become too ungovernable!"

The drama shows that in powerful and uncompromising terms. In fact, it so insists on Caravaggio's sense of self, of pride, of will, that some sequences are almost a catalogue of appearances in court for brawling, insulting and other obnoxious behavior. There is a danger in focusing on such details, that the genius of the man may be overlooked. That is not difficult to do when the man's great work cannot be dramatized or acted out in quite the same way as his faults.

Despite these potential pitfalls, Straight seems to have avoided them intelligently and imaginatively in his script. Obviously, in the time available to most playwrights—in terms of how many minutes an audience will sit still—it would be impossible for an actor to seem to paint even one major canvas before the astonished eyes of the audience. A



finished painting may be shown, and some actors can crowd round it, clucking to the actor-artist about its evidences of genius, or how, ages hence, mankind will treasure it. But these are clichés. And they are not very dramatic.

In the case of Caravaggio, moreover, while some patrons recognized the brilliance of his originality and the technical mastery which he possessed, many despised and denounced both his subject matter and his treatment of it. Fortunately, this is precisely the conflict which Straight has been able to dramatize, showing the vision and passion of Caravaggio, the artist, in opposition to Caravaggio, the self-destructive, willful loner.

It is almost always disastrous for a playwright to put an actor on stage, fill his mouth with sententious phrases about art or ideals, and then fail to *show* dramatically why and how he has any right to be considered either artist or idealist. This is true of both documentary dramas and plays which are pure fiction. It isn't enough to ask the audience to believe that this man is a great artist, a profound philosopher or a gifted poet. Spectators like to *see* and *hear* some evidence.

Straight has provided this in several ways. There are scenes which show Caravaggio—who was very ugly—being boastful, disagreeable, selfish, thoughtless, lustful, and so on. These make him seem to be a rather unpleasant young man, so it is good that there is a counterbalance. What is impressive and very stageworthy is the use Straight has made of these prickly character traits in terms of Caravaggio's art. When the painter is misbehaving merely on his own account, he can discourage potential audience empathy. After all, he is effectually in rebellion against not only the society of his day, but also the settled, self-satisfied

audiences of today. That point is in no way blunted by Straight's script. But when Caravaggio is arguing for his vision, his individuality, his rights as an artist, the traits seem admirable. He will not sell out. He will not compromise. And the results survive for all of us to see—and to treasure.

Of course, had Caravaggio been a wretched painter and a man of markedly warped psyche, producing sloppy and/or "sick" canvasses, his ferocious firmness, his unwillingness to oblige those who commissioned works from him, might seem almost as obnoxious as they do in his personal affairs. But, in that case, the paintings might not have survived. And Michael Straight then might not have been so fascinated by such a man that he would have wanted to spend so much time in painstaking research to unearth his past.

Straight explains his reasons for being so interested in Caravaggio: "He died in despair, at the age of thirty-seven. Yet, self-taught as he was, and as an outcast, as he chose to be, he changed the course of European art. He painted from life, in defiance of the academic tradition of his time. He saw light in a new way, as a means of outlining and isolating figures set in darkness. He made religious imagery a direct experience between the beholder and the Divine. Thus, as Rudolf Wittkower has written, he 'opened up a vast new territory' in art, and beyond art. Velasquez and Rembrandt were both, in some measure, his heirs."

But how to discover the man and his story? The paintings are scattered in the world's great museums. *The Musicians* is in the Metropolitan in New York; *The Death of the Virgin* is in the Louvre; *David and Goliath* is in the Borghese Gallery. There are the police records, of course. And a few fragmentary descriptions, some of them by men who had no reason to speak well of him.

"All else is surmise," says Straight. "Starting with what is known, I have moved on to what is plausible; attempting to recreate his state of being at certain moments, as it is reflected in his paintings, and seeing in his short life the Promethean story of the artist, the revolutionary artist who defies convention and authority in pursuit of his own vision, and who, in perishing, leaves to all men his imperishable legacy."

This is the key to the integration of the paintings as finished works into a drama about their creation. In a scene in the Palace of Cardinal del Monte, a patron of the arts, Caravaggio is struck by the beauty of a group of young male musicians who are, like himself, under the Cardinal's protection and benefaction. Straight's stage direction reads: "A soft, warm light rises on a scene that should reproduce, as closely as possible, Caravaggio's painting, *The Musicians*."



Opposite page and at right:

Lighting director Jo Mielziner effectively modeled his work after the dramatic illumination found in Caravaggio's paintings. This technique proved to be most successful—the lighting not only graces the action, but becomes a part of it.



In another scene, Caravaggio sets to work sketching a drowned whore while three men haggle about what is to be done with the body. In a scene involving the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, Caravaggio is struck by the effect of a handsome but frightened page helping his master remove a heavy suit of ceremonial armor. In a desperate scene with a bored young male model, Caravaggio—whose face has been slashed by hired cut-throats—suddenly poses the boy as David, using a mirror to see his own disfigured head as that of Goliath. All of these, of course, are inspirations taken from life—or death, in one case—for the creation of magnificent paintings.

It would have been a temptation—but all too easy—to have used the paintings as mere *tableaux vivants*, living pictures. But, pretty as that might have looked to audiences, it would not, in itself, have any dramatic effect. What Straight has done is to relate the impetus to create to the finished artwork, while at the same time showing how the humans involved in the paintings were crucial to various stages in Caravaggio's hectic life.

And what was that life, insofar as Straight can reconstruct it? This is what he says in the program note: "In about 1590, he made his way to Rome. There, after living in squalor, he was taken under the protection of Cardinal Francisco Maria del Monte, a discerning patron of art."

"A cervello stravagantissimo del Monte called him; that is, an almost ungovernable man. His paintings of sacred subjects were often denounced and rejected in the years in which they were executed. In those same years, Caravaggio committed many violent acts, for which he was admonished, imprisoned, and finally banished by Pope Paul V. Wandering, he went to Naples and on to

Malta. There, he was made a Knight of Malta, and, within weeks, cast into a dungeon after charges which have never been specified were brought against him by a Knight who has never been identified. He vanished and was accused of escaping by means of a rope ladder. He fled to Sicily and from there to Naples, where he was attacked and disfigured by *bravos*, the hired assassins of the time. He recovered slowly, and, in 1610, embarked on a ship that took him to Porto Ercole, a fortified harbor seventy miles north of Rome. There, once again, he was arrested and imprisoned. By the time he was released, the ship had sailed away. 'This made him furious,' according to his first biographer, Giovanni Baglione, 'and, in his desperation, he started along the beach in the cruel July sun, trying to catch sight of the vessel which was carrying his belongings. [His paintings, especially!] Finally, he reached a village on the shore, and was put to bed with a malignant fever. He was completely abandoned, and within a few days he died miserably, as indeed he had lived.' "

Curiously, although Cincinnati is the headquarters of Citizens for Decent Literature, there were no local complaints about the lack of female love-interest in Caravaggio's life. In the drama, as a matter of fact, several of Caravaggio's most severe difficulties were brought on, not by his intransigence over painting, but by dallying with favorite pages of his protectors. This is dramatized in a forthright way, with no apologies.

Frank Getlein, a knowing critic of the arts, says of this: "The first act is a masterpiece all by itself. We follow Caravaggio through his service to a late Renaissance cardinal, complete with household homosexuality. The painter's famous *Musicians*, at the Metropolitan Museum, are really *The*

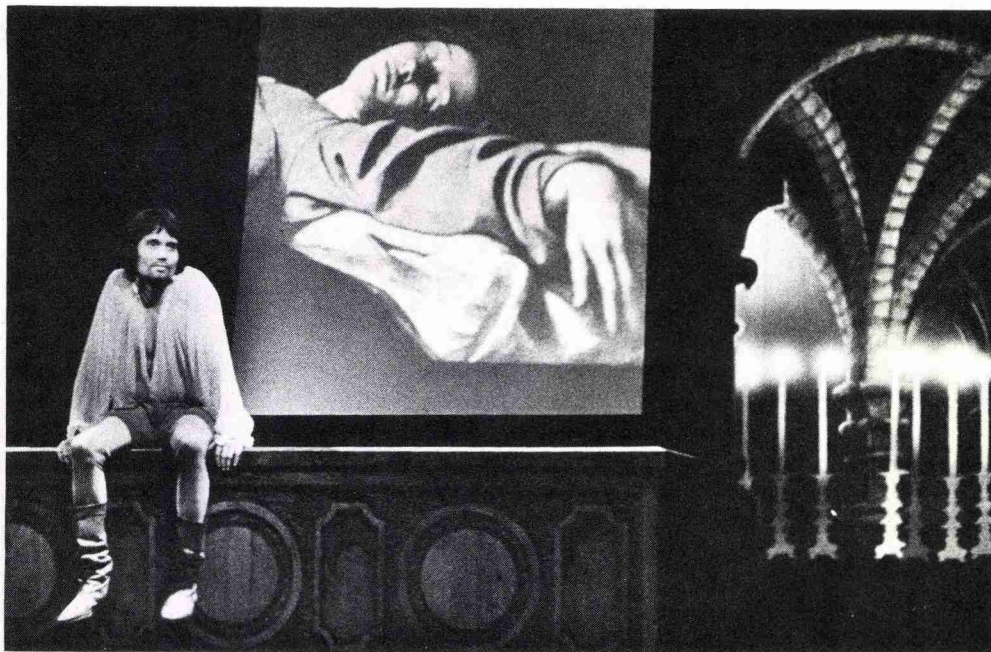
*Boys in the Band*."

The critical consensus seems to be that the first act works quite well, but that the second act is too long, too drawn out. Caravaggio's demise, in which he hears the voices from his past and sees their images in snatches of his paintings was, said Getlein, "one of the most extended deaths since Sarah Bernhardt." Henry Hewes, of the *Saturday Review*, felt the dialogue was too "ordinary." Others admired the speeches in some scenes and felt let down by the dialogue elsewhere. The play may need some work, but it has such great merit, such power in general conception, that it should—indeed must—have further productions.

Caravaggio, rather, is unique, special—and difficult. That may be the challenge that Straight saw in him. Straight, a former editor of *The New Republic*, is now Deputy Director of the National Endowment for the Arts. He has written novels: *Carrington* and *A Very Small Remnant*. The promise of *Caravaggio*, however, makes one hope he will perfect his script and give the American theater more such works.

In the Cincinnati production, the *Caravaggio* experiment was conducted with a care and attention Broadway producers simply would not risk. The cast may have been uneven—that can be a hazard of regional theater anywhere—but none of the reviewers, local or East Coast, stinted praise of Cal Bellini as Caravaggio. Bellini had earlier been seen as Dustin Hoffman's friend, Younger Bear, in *Little Big Man*. Also praised were Michael Flanagan, as Cardinal del Monte, and William Larson, as the Grand Master. However much some of the critics were bothered by what they saw as unevenness or wordiness in the script, this was often overcome by the stage direction of Word Baker, who is skilled in the use of





At left:

By means of a battery of projectors, Mielziner created a dramatic undercurrent with slides of details from Caravaggio's works. These were projected on both the set and the actors.

Opposite page:

The scene depicting the investiture of the Knights of Malta effectively illustrates the scope and pagentry of "Caravaggio" and the imaginative manner in which it was presented.

groups of actors.

"Things move rapidly," says the review in the Washington (D.C.) *Star*. "Crowds of people are flung on stage and patterned off again with casual precision. The succession of stage pictures is entrancing." Caley Summers' lavish costumes were often compared to Broadway's best by the critics, and they were of great value in crowd scenes. Lighting was most important. As the *Star* notes, "Like Summers' costumes, Jo Mielziner's lighting is based on Caravaggio's own—the dramatic shaft of light in the darkness, a light which not only illuminates the action, but becomes a character in it."

If Michael Straight's *Caravaggio* is unusual and challenging as a script, then honors must go to Jo Mielziner for finding new ways to visualize this difficult pageant-drama. Both the script and the lighting were impressive and even frightening projects for Playhouse-in-the-Park to take on, though most who have written about the Cincinnati premiere have concentrated only on Straight's work.

It is not widely known, for instance, that *Caravaggio* was, in the words of Kleigl Brothers, the theatrical lighting firm, "the largest single projection rental in theater history!" In addition to six Carousel projectors, specially adapted for the theater, fifteen 2100-watt projectors were used. These took three-and-a-fourth-inch by four-inch slides. Four 5000-watt projectors provided light for seven-inch by seven-inch slides and one 5000-watt unit projected five-inch by five-inch slides.

That's a lot of slides! Mielziner's solution of the scenic problems was not resolved solely in terms of slides, however. There had to be some set pieces: chairs, trunks, tables, beds, and so on. All of these, for simplicity and flexibility, were compactly and force-

fully designed on small, rolled platforms. There were a few suspended pieces, such as the Cardinal's coat-of-arms and the Grand Cross of the Knights of Malta, which could be flown out of sight when not needed.

For the rest, however, the stage was boldly white, with vertical surfaces not used for projections being kept black. The Robert S. Marx Theatre has semi-circular, bowl-shaped seating, similar to classic Greek theaters, and the stage modestly thrusts out into this. Ninety-five percent of the audience sees the actors against the floor. That meant that Mielziner had to throw most of the projections onto the stage floor and, in so doing, on the actors' bodies. This experiment worked very well since "playing light" could be used to cut down the effect of the colored projections if an actor's face had to be seen clearly.

He describes the effect: "I used the same principle in all the scenes. A throne, a table, an empty frame—and the projections. The climax of the play is a sort of *envoi*, recapitulating Caravaggio's life. He's dying, having daydreams, hallucinations, emotional reactions to his memories of his failures and his glories. It's a tough scene to play, and Word Baker asked me to do all I could to support it visually.

"So I took fragments of Caravaggio's best paintings. Never a whole painting, never in a rectangle. From a Madonna, I'd cut out the head, one arm, and a corner of her robe. And superimpose these on another painting. None of them rectangles, of course. All just shaped fragments, in color. Outlines of bodies, hands, ornaments. All from Caravaggio's paintings, making a grand collage. When the actors first walked through it, it was wonderful! Word asked, 'Can we keep the playing light off the actors at the beginning of the scene? I want to keep this effect!'

"It was remarkable—that mélange of light! It's the first time I've ever seen it actually *work* . . . amazingly effective. There were moments when an actor's face would disappear in it. And suddenly the Virgin's hand would appear on his shoulder. But to do this, I had to have as many as fifteen or twenty separate projections working at the same time!"

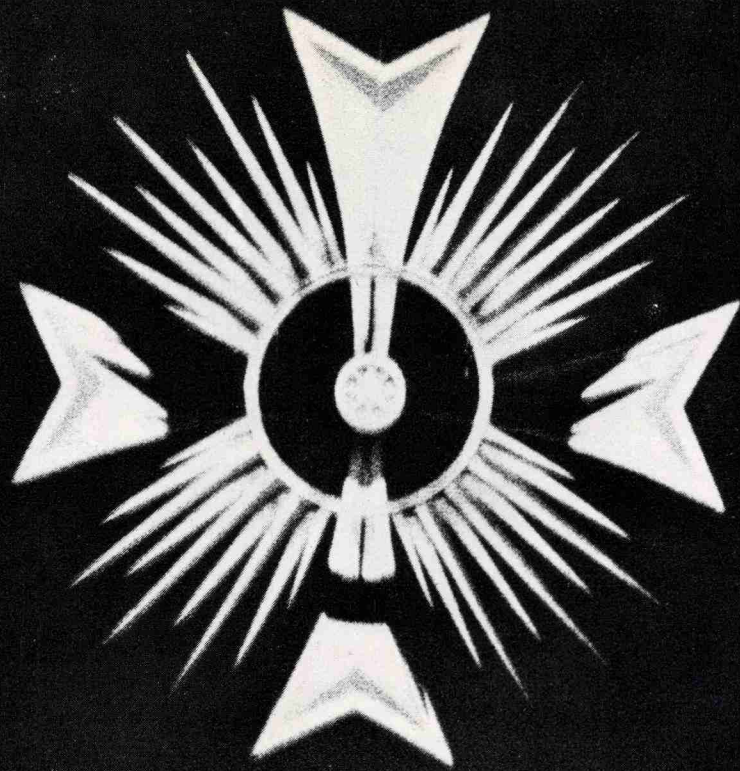
But, Mielziner cautions, this is no way to save money. Using projections can be just as costly as employing scenery. The advantages come from the remarkable effects and from the speed, the swiftness with which scenic changes can be made. In a play with as many scenes in picturesque locales as *Caravaggio* boasts, shifting built scenery would be too time consuming. Even with the rapidity made possible by projection, the production ran nearly three hours. The Marx Theatre was not outfitted for the masses of projection equipment, so five new light bridges had to be installed over the auditorium and changes had to be made in the way the stage was used. And since the surfaces of the slides were never parallel with the surfaces of the stage floor or various projection screens, the slides had to be photographed or drawn with a slight distortion to make them take the correct dimension when viewed by the audience. This is a tricky process—and thus expensive.

Baker, Mielziner, and Cincinnati audiences seemed satisfied that it was all worth it. But let Henry Hewes have the last word: "... a violent moment dramatically explodes into a high projection of Caravaggio's anguished self-portrait. And at the end of the play we see the pitiful corpse of the artist in the center of the stage floor on which a montage of his immortal work shines in bright contrast."

All this, and Cincinnati, too?









# When Care Is Forgotten by the City That Care Forgot...

by Don Lee Keith

photos by Charles Gatewood

On the most special of special days — Mardi Gras—a mystical pair of golden shears severs the Crescent City from its worries, setting free the true spirit of New Orleans and transforming clichés into stark realities of classic vulgarity.

There's dancing in the streets to tunes overflowing from balconies. There is posing for snapshots for thousands of candid cameramen. There is love in alleys. And in all, it is an enormous buffet—something for everybody, regardless of taste or appetite.

More than two million outstretched hands reach toward wildly decorated parade floats, anxious for inexpensive beads and oversized, light-weight coins known as Doubloons. Marching groups—some organized, others spontaneous—roam the streets singing bawdy songs and pitching trinkets to other revelers. Drinks—all the way from cheap beer to vintage champagne—are balanced cautiously within the swaying, jostling throngs on packed Canal Street.

Costumes defy the limits of imagination, both in color and design, comic and serious. Masquers spend months working on outfits that may be worn for only a few hours.

Those most dedicated to costume art parade in an annual French Quarter contest which proves, if nothing else, one certainty: there won't be a peacock feather or a purple sequin left for sale in New Orleans come Ash Wednesday, because the drag queens are wearing them all. From all over the country they come, toting hat boxes and panty-hose, ready to start preparing themselves at dawn on carnival day for the onslaught of competition for













supreme, show-case quality. Mules and wedgies click a staccato pace across the contest runway. There's enough make-up being worn on that corner to do the entire cast of *Quo Vadis*.

Mardi Gras's parades, its costumes, its whiskey-guzzling and dope-smoking, its eccentricities and incongruities—indeed, its insanities—all are integral parts of a peculiar syndrome that rules a city for a day.

The syndrome's unique language, that of touching—intentional or otherwise—transcends all differences in alphabets or accents. Black and white, young and old, foreign and domestic are somehow merged into a massive oneness. It nullifies all rules



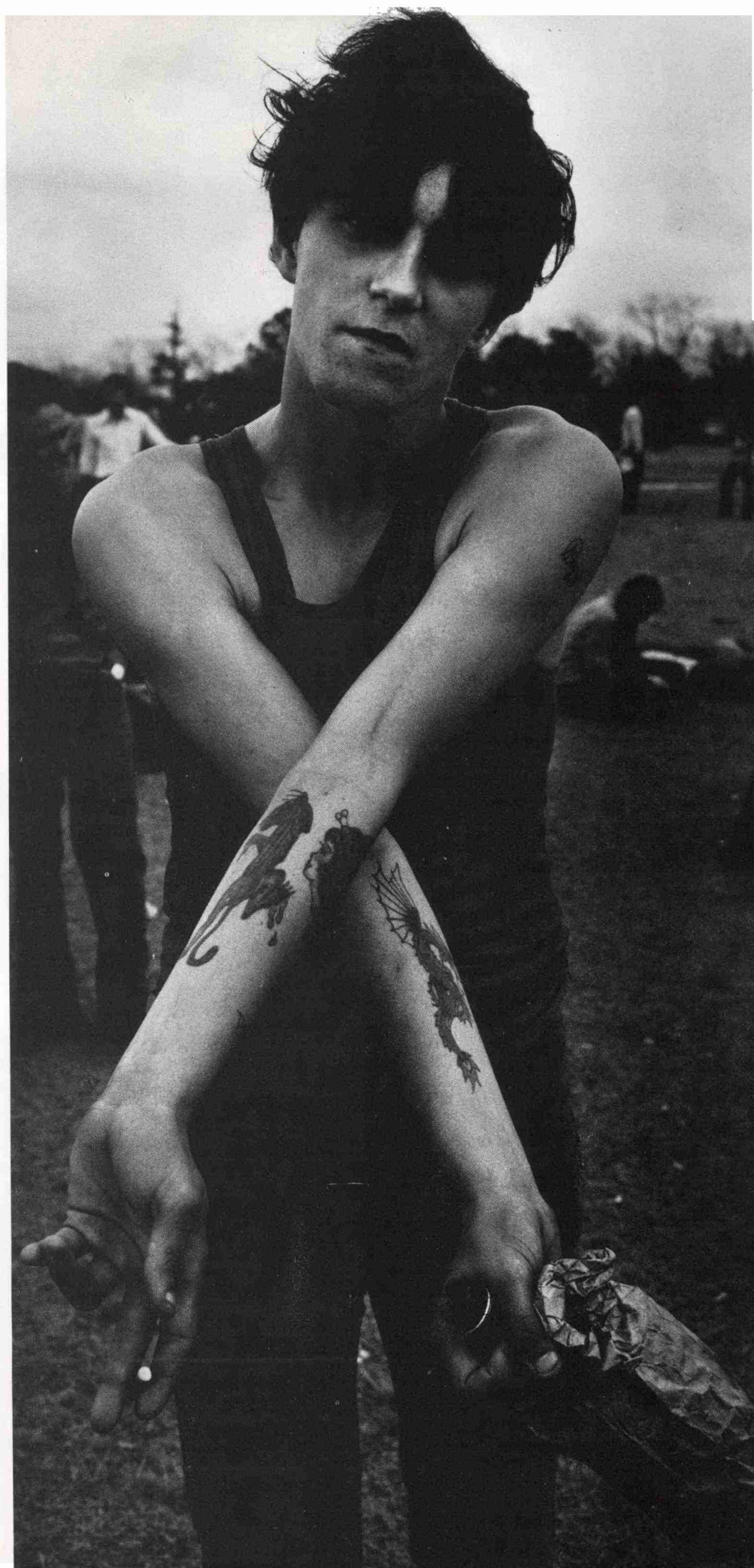


that govern such things as oil and water.

The concept of that syndrome is built on a principle called pleasure. And it operates on the individual and collective notion that the only unpardonable sin is to be unhappy.

















# The Back to Front of Gilbert O'Sullivan

by Geoffrey A. Ross

The obstacles encountered in arranging a meeting with Gilbert O'Sullivan must be as complicated and exhausting as those involved in arranging a papal audience. Not only do you have to have your credentials verified, you also have to prove your faith, your belief, and your good intentions. Then, audience granted, you are told how long you can stay in the revered presence and, of course, he will be chaperoned. Photographs must be taken by his photographer — in private.

But in fairness to Gilbert O'Sullivan himself, these rules are not really his doing. When you mention the tribulations, he shrugs it off with a pleasant smile. He is really only concerned with music; these day-to-day matters are deliberately out of his hands.

In fact, it just so happens that his management is a tough and determined one. They handle, among others, the two British institutions of Tom Jones and Engelbert Humperdinck, and they are resolved that Gilbert should follow the same successful, moneyed route. And, in their way, they are right, too. Gilbert is undoubtedly talented, a sympathetic performer and a single-minded musician. His idol is Cole Porter, so perhaps both he and his management have the same ambitions in mind.

Gilbert, born Raymond O'Sullivan in December, 1946, comes from Irish stock, though his family moved to Swindon, a railway-junction town in Wiltshire, when he was young. He has a soft way of talking that is a mixture of Irish brogue and West Country burr.

He lives in a modern bungalow in Wey-

bridge, a stockbroker dormitory outside London. His home life and childhood are important to him, so he rarely talks about either, preferring instead to give personal facts: he is five-foot-seven, weighs 126 pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair. He has two sisters and three brothers. When suggested that life in his cut-off bungalow in the country (he doesn't drive) might be lonely, he answers, "I have three friends from school I see all the time, but music is my life anyway. The only thing I ever think about is music." And then he quickly adds, "Everything that is happening to me now is my idea of paradise."

He is, however, unquestionably sympathetic and charming. The ideas and facts that he shies away from talking about he lets slip into his lyrics. He is also disarmingly honest: "Music is my life and music to me is totally serious. So I suppose it goes without saying that my life just has to be serious. The one thing I can do as well as anybody is write songs, so I'll stick to that. I don't want to be performing all the time — it is a bundle of nerves. Someone said 'melodies are inspiration, lyrics perspiration' and it is quite true. Work is hard, but it is satisfying, too."

He continues, smiling a little, "I'm writing better now than ever. It could end tomorrow; I just don't think about it."

No one could deny his success. Since his first professional appearance in 1970, he has never looked back. His current album, *Back to Front*, was in the charts from the moment it appeared on sale and, of course, "Clair," one of its tracks released as a single, made equal impact.

Gilbert O'Sullivan avoids making concert or stage appearances out of choice, though he is a regular on television, guesting about once a month here and even less frequently in Europe. "In America, I've also done the Sonny and Cher show, which was great fun, and the Dean Martin show, which was a mistake. He leaves me speechless. We rehearsed for five days while he played golf, his director standing in for him all the time. He strolled in for the actual filming and then left. Never again with Dean Martin!"

On stage, in performance, O'Sullivan is calm and boyish and has a knowing innocence: "But it is all an act, really. I am very nervous and people keep telling me I'll become an ulcer case."

And nervous he certainly is. While talking, he flicks his face continuously with his thumb, as if punctuating his sentences. When he cracks a joke, he looks relieved.

Since he first came to notice, he has changed his looks three times — on purpose. He started out with short hair and wearing baggy shorts and a flannel cap, like a refugee from Our Gang or the Great Depression. Then he became a European's idea of an all-American college boy, complete with campus cardigans and sneakers. "First, I was inspired by Charlie Chaplin . . . I liked the idea of looking like a waif. Then I saw a Jerry Lewis film clip on television and thought of the American look. Nice and casual."

And now he has changed again. He has, in pop terms, taken on the image of sex symbol. It is not the violent, committed style of Bowie or Bolan, but of a new, light, romantic hero. From Little-Boy-Lost he has turned



At right:

*Gilbert O' Sullivan's seriousness of purpose accounts for a great deal of his success as both a performer and a composer. He claims, "Everything that is happening to me now is my idea of paradise." (Photo by Terry O'Neill)*

into a smouldering Romeo. Once his fans wrote to say that they like his knees and wanted to take care of him; now, they write saying they want hairs from his chest and offer other interesting ideas that he is too bashful to mention.

He cares about how he looks very much and likes change. He cuts his own hair since he had a traumatic experience five years ago with a London barber who, he insists, all but shaved his head. He buys his clothes at random wherever he might be. "I only like odd things," he claims, but this is misleading because he is invariably well dressed.

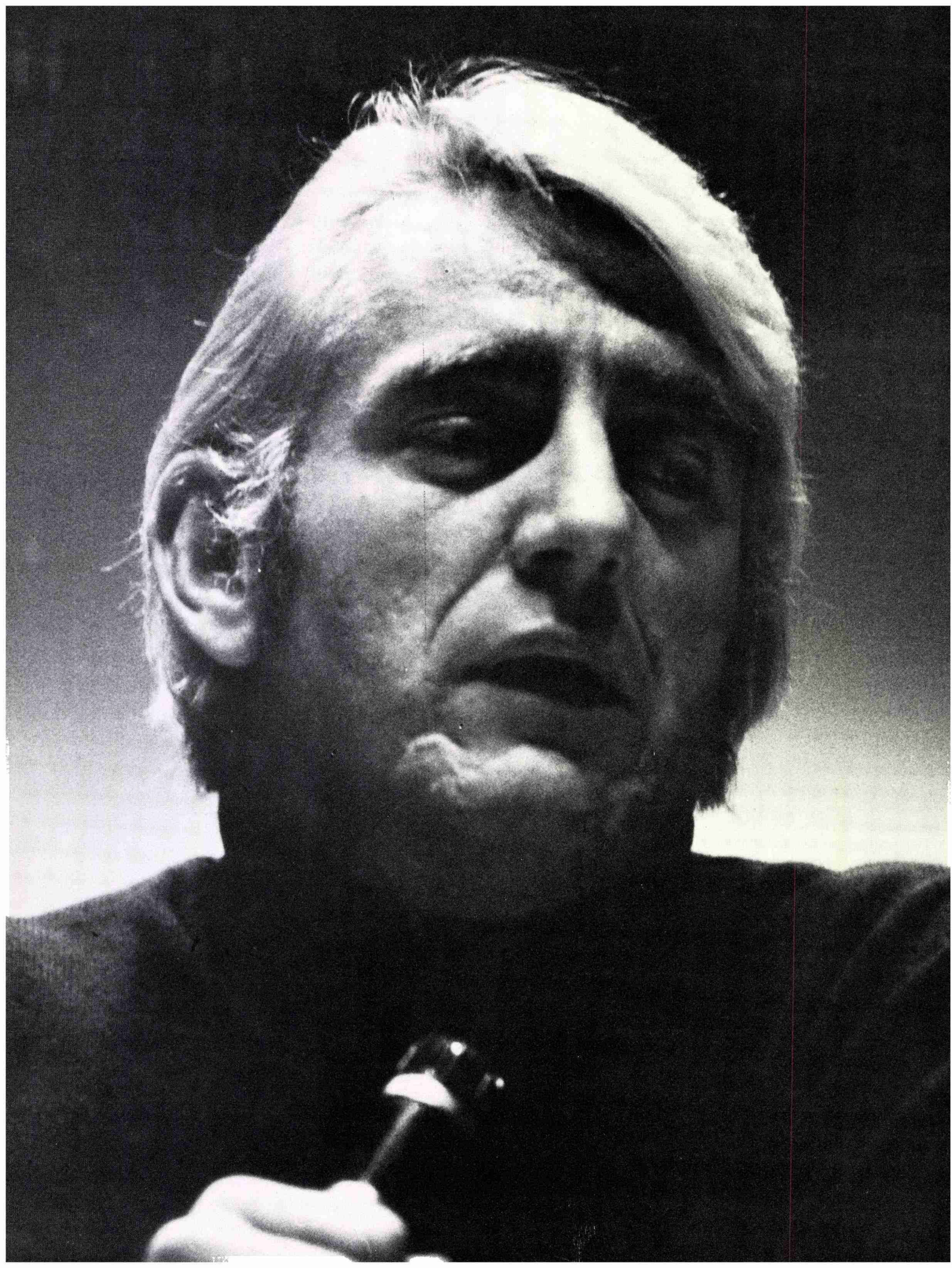
"I like to wear clothes that can't be bought everywhere. I want clothes that are original and unusual." So he wears suede suits, traditionally cut jackets and pants, girls' duffel coats (because the men's don't come in such bright colors) and sportswear he finds in a Los Angeles boutique. "It started when I was at art school studying graphics. My biggest buzz was buying an army surplus Hussar's suit for five pounds. I thought I looked fantastic in it; very proud of it I was.

"I wouldn't say that how I look now is the real me, but, at least, I look more natural. More like everybody else. The beauty of my work is that I can wear anything I like and get away with it. I need that kind of freedom."

Now O'Sullivan has plans for changing his visual image again, although he is not telling how. "Listen, my music is important, not my looks," he smiles happily and confidently. "I am not sure who said this first, but it is right: 'You could look like Frankenstein — someone would still fancy you!'" And he laughs at the very thought of it.









# ROD McKUEN: "Not like anybody else..."

text and photos by Norma McLain Stoop

There's something wonderfully worn about Rod McKuen's face, his voice. The same quality that makes fine furniture worth more than factory-made imitations. He's no imitation; it's taken years of being used, abused, loved, polished, nicked and scratched to make him the singer, composer, poet and man he now is.

On the stages of New York's Philharmonic Hall and Carnegie Hall, where I have heard him sing; in the echoing emptiness of the vast Fairfield Hall in Croydon, England, where I listened to him rehearsing with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; and months later, chatting with him in a Boston motel, he seemed a friendly lion who could effectively command any space with his presence, his quiet aliveness.

"Most people are amazed," he shrugs, "that I give my actual age. [His Carnegie Hall concerts this month will celebrate his fortieth birthday.] People seem to have a hang-up about it, but not me. I think every year is better than the last, and as you get older you don't try to go out and change the world, and you don't feel you have to compete in your work, or sexually, or intellectually. You feel you can be accepted just for you. And I don't mean that because I've become successful in various fields and can walk down the street and people know who I am — I mean it purely as a man getting older.

"It's a sort of individual lib," he smiles, "and I'm all for the libs — women's lib, gay lib, black lib and all. Women shouldn't have to submit to a double standard — if a man wants to play around, a woman should be able to play around, too, and should get as much pay if she does a job equally well. I think in gay lib they're saying, 'Hey now, just because I have a bit of sexual difference, don't equate that with my per-

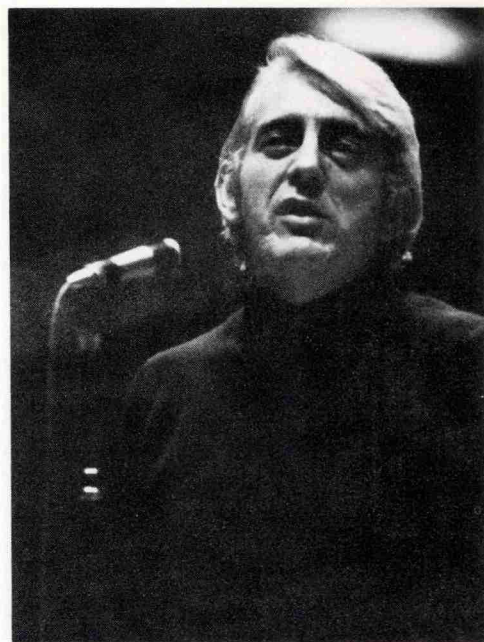
formance in any other area.' Also there's the fact that in so-called heterosexual behavior anything is legal that you do behind four walls, but some of it would certainly be considered deviant under the law. Well, I feel this individual lib idea strongly, and if anybody's turned off of me because, 'Gee, you're over thirty!' that's their problem — not mine."

Rod's long, strong fingers travel through his straight, yellow hair. "Another thing I have no hang-up about," he goes on, "is getting on that stage. I know, for instance, Jacques Brel quit performing because every night he became physically ill — threw-up before each performance for ten years! How can I have stage fright when I have come to see these people I love and they have come to see me knowing what's going to happen, and it's really a remarkable exchange. I love it. I don't know what I'd do without it."

This "remarkable exchange" took place two hundred and forty times in fourteen countries in 1972. Rod admits ruefully that that's overdoing it a bit, but his capacity for work seems inexhaustible. Not so his capacity for accepting some of the barbs from the press. He insists he isn't maligned or even misunderstood by journalists, but he says he's often "definitely misquoted and absolutely misrepresented."

Such as on one Sunday when both the *New York Times* and the *New York Sunday News* carried articles on him giving totally different answers to identical questions! "Of course," he explains, "Kay Gardella of the *News*, a very respected journalist, was accurate, but the *Times* man . . . he got the age wrong, the facts wrong. He didn't write for the *New York Times* for a long time after that.

"There's a whole new style of journalism that's cropped up," McKuen continues,



"and the man who does it best is Rex Reed. You never feel for an instant that Rex is lying about anything. He is stating his own bias and I think a critic *should* be biased. A lot of people try to copy him, but it doesn't work. It's like Nora Ephron. When she writes, she continually writes about her great tragedy—which is that she has no breasts. Well, if you're reading an article about Erich Segal, who cares about whether or not she has breasts?"

Obviously a man who feels strongly and individually about many things, yet some critics claim his songs and poems are too easily sentimental. It's true he often celebrates lovers, children, cats or dogs, but you don't have to be a sentimental slob to appreciate any or all of these groups.

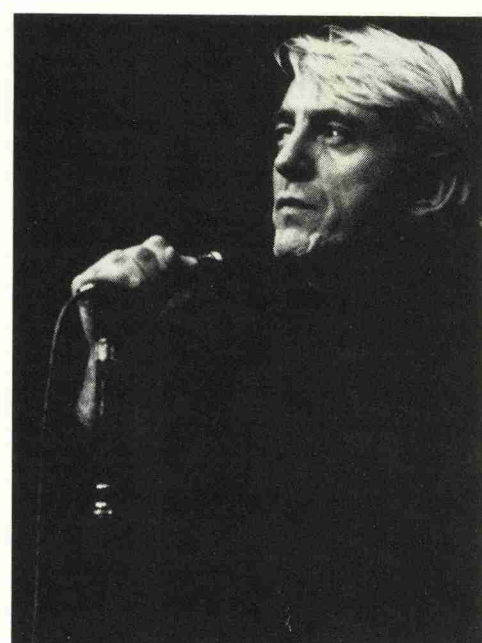
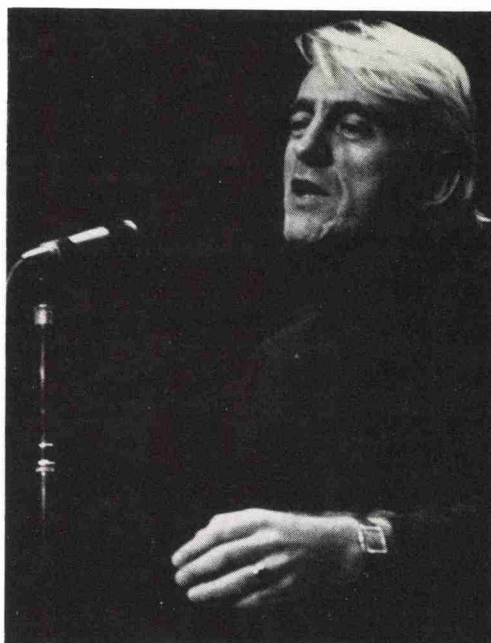
Take children. They've been written about, and well, by that hard-bitten newspaperman Eugene Field, that matter-of-fact mathematician Lewis Carroll, that urbane intellectual E. B. White. Why not Rod?

About cats (is *this* sentimental?): "Whether making love/Or making conversation/They work in earnest/ For earnestness is all the work/They do."

There is an impressive simplicity in the lines: "Need not gratified/Has helped me understand/Why the suicide can do it." And how could one write more truthfully about lovers than: "I left you silent in the dark/ But I know darkness too."?

It's Rod McKuen's complexity that has made it hard for some to penetrate the corners of his mind, and it's his birth and life that have manufactured his mystery. After I had heard him calmly and tirelessly rehearsing all day for his Croydon concert, I was surprised to hear him, no less calmly, yet very heatedly, giving the assembled orchestra hell, in no uncertain terms, about a union question that, for a time, seemed to





threaten his concert.

"Well," he laughed as we walked to his dressing room, "I'm one up on anybody else as to being a bastard — because I was born that way. It takes most people a long time to get to be one!"

Later, he enlarged on the influence that being born out of wedlock has had on him. "I believe," he asserts, "that if you've come into the world under these circumstances, the only way is up. I have no hang-ups about it. I did in the beginning, and as a kid made up all sorts of romantic stories about my father: he was an Ace and was killed in the war; he was an undercover agent . . . all kinds of things. The sort of things kids do."

He reflects. "Kids. Being young today must be the toughest thing in the world. You and I didn't have to go through a drug experience. Every kid today has to — has to accept it or reject it, but he has it foisted on him in school. And war . . . if my son, today, were of draft age, I'd do everything I could to keep him out of the service."

We speak of his strong drive, and that brings him back to his birth. "I think my drive might stem from the fact that I was a love child, and at that time it was considered quite a social minus. I had an inferiority complex all my life. Sure. And still do. I'm a very shy human being, terrified of being in crowds . . . unless I'm performing."

"And your son?" I hark back to his previous fleeting reference.

"Yes," he answers unhesitatingly, "I have a son living in France. He's ten years old — he'll be eleven on Bastille Day — and his name is Jean-Marc. His mother is French and I never married her because I thought we had nothing in common other than that encounter and the subsequent son who was born and whom I love, and see every time I go to Europe."

What training, what experience has put Rod McKuen in a position where he has sold eight million copies of his books in hard-cover, is one of the three performers who can guarantee sold-out houses (the others are Sinatra and Streisand), has written countless songs (many of which are now standards), has made many million-selling albums for both Warner Brothers Records and Stan-yan Records, written scores for films (two of which, *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* and *A Boy Named Charlie Brown*, were nominated for Academy Awards), and now is writing more and more well-received classical music?

Rod McKuen, born in Oakland, California, had about a total of five years of formal education due to the fact that school days were always broken off by his moving from town to town. His step-father was a cat-skinner — a man who builds roads. Rod supported the family from the time he was eleven, working first on a ranch, then as a rodeo rider.

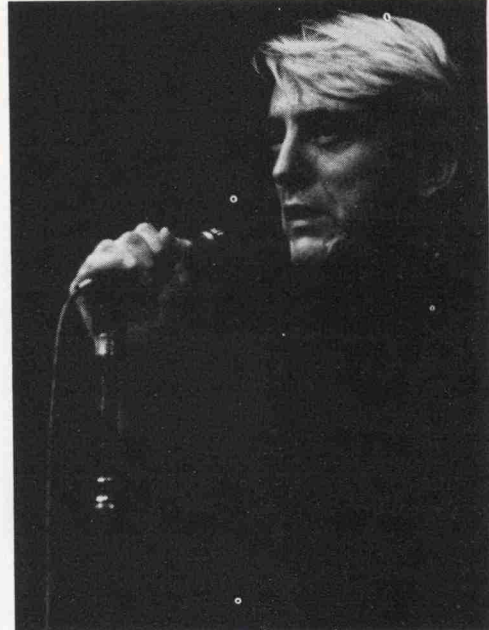
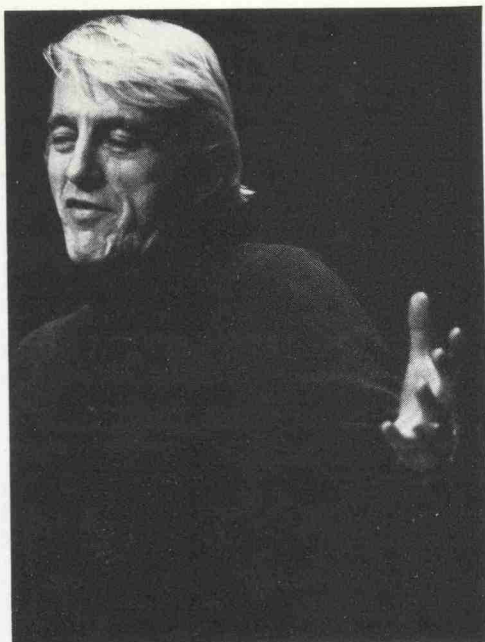
"Yes," he admits, "it is frightening, but you don't think about it; you're too concerned with staying on the animal and judging your distance. I was always ready to go out of the saddle leaping, so you fall out of the path of having the animal fall on you. Later, I worked in logging camps in Washington and Oregon, sold shoes, worked in a cookie factory, was in the army . . . I started out as a rock singer . . ."

"Just before I went in the army, I worked as a D J in Oakland. Writing commercials there was Phyllis Diller. She was so bored with it that she'd write and leave holes for the adjectives. Then she'd have a long line of adjectives, close her eyes, put her finger down, and what it hit on, she'd put in. You'd be on the air and suddenly be reading something like 'Maidenform bras are bombastic,' or whatever. So when I came out of the service

—I'd sung before that on USO shows and things like that — Phyllis was working at the Purple Onion in San Francisco. She suggested I come down there because the intermission singer had been fired, and I got the job. Now, the total talent budget — it was against all union rules and everything — was two hundred dollars a week. Appearing with me on the first bill were Phyllis Diller, a girl who later became known as Kitty Lester, and Milt Kamen. The following two weeks we had Johnny Mathis, the Kingston Trio, Phyllis and myself. I stayed there six weeks and was discovered — quote, end quote — by a Los Angeles columnist named Cobina Wright, who said, "and Rod bursts into song, "'You ought to be in pictures.' Life in Hollywood seemed to consist of Cobina calling me to come to her parties and sing. I was living on unemployment, so — I'd go! I never really connected in any way at all.

"Next," he goes on, "I heard Universal was auditioning people for *Rock, Pretty Baby*, but I couldn't get an interview. I waited out by the front gate until a delivery truck went through, jumped on the back, and through the gates I sped! I walked into the office of Jim Pratt (a vice president at the time) and announced, 'I'd like to be in movies.' He was so taken aback that I was tested and signed for the picture. I started to get more fan mail than anybody on the lot — and they had Rock Hudson, Tony Curtis, all those people. But I felt extremely inadequate because here were all these people who looked like movie stars and I looked like anything but a movie star — I just didn't fit the Universal mold. But they kept me on and I made a couple more pictures for them. When they gave me one called *The Haunted House on Hot-Rock Hill*, I said, 'Forget it,' and they put me on suspension. They put Troy Donahue in it, and the picture was





later called *Monster on the Campus*. Can you believe it?

"I went off to New York. Couldn't act anywhere because I was on suspension, so I began to write music seriously for the CBS Workshop. I realized I had to learn a lot more about music, so I started to study music theory and arranging through books because I couldn't afford school, and one of the nicest compliments I had was from Stravinsky, whom I met just past that time. He told me, 'Don't learn too much because what you're doing is very much you and it's not like anybody else.' As you know, in Europe my classical music is very well known, but in this country it's just beginning to be known. I had a guitar concerto premiered at the Hollywood Bowl, and you were in Croydon when we were rehearsing my *The Plains of My Country* — very Americana, unlike my piano concerto, which is a totally different thing."

"Rock," I prompt him. "I thought you said . . ."

"Rock happened to me by accident, as so many things in my life have." But McKuen disgresses. "I never really knew what I wanted to do with my life, only that you must go straight ahead, and I had a feeling that anything I tackled, I'd be successful at. Not bravado, just a feel that that was the way you should accept things. It's like I didn't know anything about writing scores for films until I was offered one, and I just jumped head-first into it and the second score I ever did was nominated for an Academy Award."

"Rock," I repeat, in desperation.

"I started out as a rock singer," McKuen recalls, "which most people don't know. I'm responsible for folk-rock. I started it. I was kicked out of Gerde's Folk City long before Bobby Dylan ever put on electronics and shocked everyone to his stuff. I remember

the compere the night I brought my rock down there said sadly, 'To think that people like Leadbelly have been on this stage!' They were really shocked," A chuckle. "During the twist craze, I wrote 'Oliver Twist' ('He raises dickens with the chickens — you ought to see Oliver twist!') and took it to Chubby Checker and Joey Dee, but they weren't interested. So my demo was put out and became the number-one record in New York. Because of that I was booked on a tour of one-nighters — eighty shows in eight weeks — screaming over a rock 'n' roll band. I did some outrageous things . . . like I did 'Let's Twist Again Like We Did Last Summer' in French. But I didn't know how to sing properly — sang from my throat rather than from my diaphragm. So, after four shows a night, seven nights a week, at the Copa lounge, for four months after this the inside of my throat was like raw hamburger. My voice was completely gone for six weeks and it was doubtful if I'd ever speak again, let alone sing. But I wouldn't give up; began to speak, then sing — ballads and such, the things I really care about. And I keep working on my voice. Why, just in the past year my range has increased an entire octave."

After telling me briefly about one of his latest ventures, the Dutch film, *Angela*, (starring Barbara Hershey and newcomer Sandy Van der Linden), whose story and score he did, and deadpanning that because of frequent prior name changing on the film, he'd suggested it be called "The Great Untitled Dutch Film," McKuen's voice becomes hesitant. He walks to the window and takes a deep breath.

"You know," he says, "because last year was a hard year and I lost my mother, and traveled all over . . . I wanted to get away. I had done so much re-thinking of my life, especially in writing my book, *And to Each*

*Season* . . . [published late last year by Simon and Schuster; the poems quoted are from it]. It's really the most personal book I've ever written — almost an autobiography.

"Well," he goes on haltingly, "last July I decided to get away. By myself. So I went to the rodeo in Cheyenne as a way of getting back to some roots again. First couple days were okay, then suddenly at an event my name was announced to thousands of people there, and it was really rough. That night I went and got drunk, and ran into four people who were flying across the United States in biplanes. They asked me if I'd like to go up in one. Not knowing what they were, I said, 'Sure.' Next morning, at the airport, here were these two planes made in the Thirties and Forties and used for crop-dusting. Feeling pretty low, I thought, 'What the hell do I have to lose?' But up there, with no cover and no radio, I felt the greatest freedom I've ever felt in my life. So much so that I began to learn to fly, and I'm going to spend the first ten days of June flying across the United States and stopping in little towns where nobody has ever heard of me! License? Oh, sure, you bet — one way or another."

So even the sky is not the limit for Rod, a born seeker, never quite able to find what will completely satisfy him. For instance, with all his success, he sometimes admits to disappointment that people often forget that many of his songs are happy. "The thing is," he says ruefully, "people grasp at my lonely songs."

Perhaps it's because he seems to be a lonely looking man. His words are often happy, but his eyes are soft and sad. To paraphrase an old song, I believe that even in his California house which, I'm told, is large and lovely and full of cats and dogs, Rod McKuen is essentially a lonesome singer and a long way from home.









## WAYLON JENNINGS: Big Country Singer Hits the Big City

text and photo by Norma McLain Stoop

Tall, dark, sleepy-eyed Waylon Jennings, his leather vest slipping off one broad shoulder, his studded slacks fitting tightly around his thighs, slouches slowly over to a couch. A few days before, at Max's Kansas City, I had heard his rangy voice wrap real substance around many country songs, and completely captivate a blasé, rock-saturated New York audience. Today, laryngitis has reduced his voice to a whisper that still holds the cadences of his birthplace, Littlefield, Texas.

"It's cotton country," he says, "and I've pulled more of that damn stuff up than anybody in the whole world! Yeah," he laughs and coughs in unison, "I was born in the suburbs of a cotton patch."

Jennings can still recall reaching for his dad's Gene Autry guitar ("I can remember the cowboys and the horse on it") when he was still small enough to be in a jumper hung from the ceiling. "And my first guitar," he says, "was a broomstick that was broke off and you held it to sing, and I was Ernest Tubb. I used to pretend that. I been listening to and making music right along." From Littlefield to Phoenix, LA and Nashville, and one-night stands all along the way, fans of country music are familiar with Waylon, but only now has he added New York to the list of his conquests.

His hand goes up as a stop sign. "I've been married four times," he asserts solemnly. "Let's get that out of the way right now. First time, I was seventeen and we thought my wife was pregnant and we got married

three o'clock in the afternoon and eight o'clock that night, we found out she wasn't. My second wife was pregnant, my third wife thought she was, and my fourth wife is probably the greatest thing that ever lived, and I just felt I had to hang on to that one! She's Jessie Colter and, like me, she records for RCA."

He takes time out to light a cigarette. "She writes songs and I write songs — I could set down with you with the songs I've written, put them in place, you know. Then you'd see where I've been. Like my latest one's 'A Good-Hearted Woman in Love with a Good-Timin' Man' [also the name of his latest album] — that's the one I wrote about my wife."

"Did you know 'Help Me Make It Through the Night' was written for me?" he asks. "In some article I read, Kris Kristofferson had a song for me with that name, but three times they sent me a tape and it was blank. nothing on it, so I wasn't the one to sing it first. You know, Frank Sinatra said, 'A man will do a lot of things and turn to a lot of things just to make it through the night.' It's a sad song, and I've lived there, because you'll do anything sometimes — talk to a guy fixing a flat in a service station at three o'clock in the morning—just to pass the time away. A lot of people don't know, but Kris wrote most of these songs way back there like in the Sixties. He would write these songs for me and give them to my drummer and everybody thought they were too far out in those days. He wrote 'The Pilgrim.' Johnny Cash



and I lived together then and we had our pill problems." Jennings laughs wryly. "Course now, with each new interview with Johnny, they went up ten pills a day on him. He never took a hundred pills a day — it would have killed him, because he was too high-strung anyway. We were pretty pitiful, but we were pretty funny — we thought we were pretty sharp! We're still brothers, and Kris tells about one time he saw John and me, and we'd just got out of a fishin' boat and looked like two gutted snowbirds, 'cause we didn't weigh ninety pounds apiece. I think that's where he got the idea for 'The Goin' Up Was Worth the Comin' Down.'"

Waylon Jennings slumps deeper in the couch and lights yet another cigarette. "Well, I'll tell you a story," he confides. "I love women and my wife knows I love women, so I'm always having someone get me a room off the other end of the building. So I had my driver get me a room like that in LA, and Kris needed somewhere to sleep, so I said, 'You can sleep out there.' Next morning, there was a beatin' at his door and there was the police — 'What you doing in that room?' Seems the driver had turned that room in and it wasn't registered in my name! And here Kris come bouncin' into my room, and he's *mad*. He says, 'I'll tell you one Goddamn thing, Hoss, your name sure carries a bunch of weight aroun' here. I holler 'Waylon Jennings,' and they charge me twenty-five and almost throw my ass in jail!'

"But I love LA. Tell you the truth, as an artist I feel more comfortable in LA or New York than in Nashville because we have some legends who live there that have run things one way. Some of these people — promoters and flesh-peddlers and what have you — they consider us billys. A good many people don't know that your budget for a country artist in Nashville — well, it comes out of your royalties for the studio! It's been that way with me until recently, and I re-ne-go-ti-at-ed." He pronounces each syllable separately. "Demanded artistic freedom and control, too. I may not make it right, but I tell you, it'll be *me* that's in there."

Waylon Jennings phones RCA to cancel an appointment because of his throat, and leaves my number so his wife can get in touch. The phone rings almost immediately and a strong, clear voice asks him, "What you doin'? Ballin'?"

"Why, no . . . I'm being interviewed. What makes you think that?"

"Well, the dude on the switchboard sure sounded like it was a cat house!"

Jennings doubles up with laughter. "Only Jess could say that so everybody could hear it," he declares proudly.

I question him about *Payday*, the powerful film in which Rip Torn plays a country

singer whose life full of excesses finally kills him.

"Did Shel Silverstein have anything to do with it?" he asks. [Silverstein wrote four of the original songs in *Payday*.] "If he did, he used me and the way I was livin' and the things I've done. I know there was one movie where they'd ask him, 'What would a country singer do in this case?' and he'd say, 'Well, Waylon would do so and so.' From what you say, there's a whole lot of truth . . . Hank Williams, for instance, and Johnny Cash and myself and Roger Miller, you know. It's the pressures."

Waylon Jennings shakes his head slowly. "As far as things like pep-pills, uppers and downers — no, a cotton puller ain't got no use for a benny. But a singer . . . I was on the road for three hundred days one year. Now, where do you get your energy? Travelin' anywhere from six to eight hundred miles a day in between shows?"

He pauses. "I never intend to do that again because there's a way to live as a human being and have a good life. *That* isn't living. I went through two divorces from the time I moved to Nashville. I always took uppers to keep me going and about six years ago I weighed one hundred thirty-five and I'm six foot one-and-a-half inches and bound on self-destruction basically — that's what it amounts to. Some people can't cope with things."

Jennings is talking so intensely that his latest cigarette has almost burned down to his finger. "You take me, for instance. I'm not that outward-going, and I grew up—and most of these people grew up in the same way—in basically religious, Bible-belt country. And all of a sudden, all these people are looking and listening to me. It's not natural for a human being to stand before thousands of human beings and do his thing."

"Where it all comes together, where you create," he goes on, "is the studio. And I love to record. I arrange my own songs — never studied it, but I *think* music. Besides pullin' cotton, all I know is music. I'd probably, bad as it sounds, die if I couldn't be in music." A shoulder shrug, "And, with all its faults, the music business is no worse than any other."

"Star, superstar and all that bull," he adds. "I'm me. I walk on stage, like the guy said, like I lost my mule and I'm lookin' for him. Just like I walk everywhere else."

When he slouches onto the stage of New York City's Carnegie Hall this month, Waylon Jennings will be doing much more than looking for his mule: he'll be trying to prove a point that means a great deal to him. "I intend to do one thing before it's over," he insists. "People don't consider country music an art. I'll show them that it definitely is an art and I feel to be called an artist is the greatest compliment of all!"

## Montserrat Caballé and "The Year of the Druid"

by Ron Cole

In American musical circles, 1973 is being referred to as "The Year of the Druid." For the first time in at least a generation, as many as three sopranos will be associated simultaneously with that ball-breaker of soprano roles, the Druid high priestess in Bellini's *Norma*.

A great deal of the excitement which has been generated by multitudinous camp-followers is speculation over which of the three divas will come off best after they have shown off their competitive wares. Make no mistake, this is a competition . . . between three of the five greatest names before the operatic public today: Montserrat Caballé, Beverly Sills and Joan Sutherland (alphabetically, lest one be accused of partiality).

Of the two non-competing sopranos, Leontyne Price has publicly vowed that she has absolutely no intention of tackling "that role which has ruined more good voices than I can count," and Birgit Nilsson has, to date, suggested no interest in this part not generally considered ideal for the heavier timbre of her voice. Even on this score, her fans are quick to state that Miss Nilsson has never allowed herself to be pigeonholed in the Wagnerian repertoire, which she alone of the five can manage, and has, on numerous occasions, played the dramatic soprano field with astonishing success. It would surprise no one, however, if she entered the *Norma* sweepstakes at some point if a confrontation tickled her sense of humor.

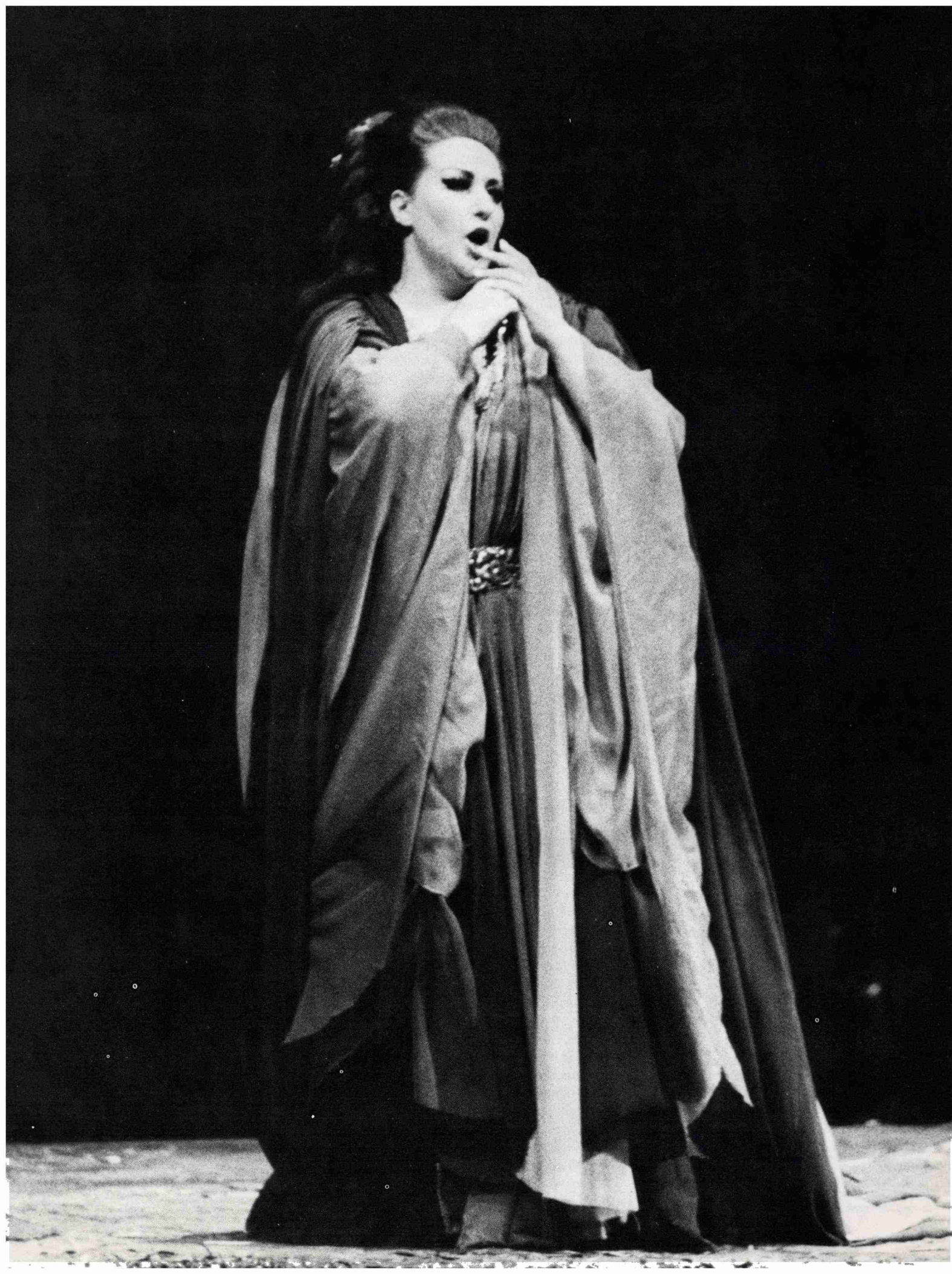
In the background of this squaring off among the sopranos and between New York's two opera companies is the admitted truth that comparisons will be made among these various performances and that the standardizing comparison will be between each of these and the greatest *Norma* of our time, that of Maria Callas.

The Sutherland *Norma* has been well-documented both in opera houses (she introduced her interpretation in the Northwest and subsequently brought it to the Metropolitan with stunning success, making her,

*Opposite page:*

*With Maria Callas as her exemplar, Spanish soprano Montserrat Caballé has donned Druid trappings and joined the "Norma" sweepstakes both on disc and in the opera house. (Photo by Louis Mélançon)*









assuredly, the reigning Norma of the moment) and on a recording that initially was introduced in America on RCA and then re-introduced on London. Sutherland's is a technically proficient, full-flourished study — big and cold. It projects almost none of the Callas emotional involvement.

Based on recent experience, the public safely assumes that the Sills version, to be recorded this summer and which was heard by any number of New Yorkers last year in New Jersey, will conversely lean on Miss Sills' acting skills, since her voice is somewhat lighter than that normally associated with the Druid.

Which brings the contention around to Caballé. Reports of her first European performances of the role indicated she had patterned her Norma dramatically after Callas, but in spite of her vocal ability, Caballé's girth made the dramatic attempt much less convincing than her mentor's.

If she's not pregnant, if she doesn't force her tenor husband on the opera house, if she's not having tax problems, if she shows up and if she sings, Caballé can be (and often has been) a real winner. She is one of music's highest-paid performers, one of the Met's biggest drawing names, and she has one of the most beautiful voices of the century.

Add to the voice one of the most infectious personalities in show business — a smile in her eyes, a boisterous laugh, and a schoolgirl giggle that surfaces often — and one has a singer the public instinctively likes. Add consummate vocal artistry, and one has a heroine for which audiences clamor.

Initially, in 1965, Caballé was a total success, her considerable weight notwithstanding. At her New York debut in the American Opera Society's concert version of Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, she stood on stage in Carnegie Hall after her first aria, enjoying an enthusiastic ovation the likes of which audiences and stars rarely witness.

"I knew right then that New York was mine," Caballé said exuberantly, immediately after the performance. "New York was just like anywhere else." Her American triumph was complete when the critics rewarded her with their choicest praise.

An attempt had been made to bring Caballé to this country earlier. Kurt Herman Adler of the San Francisco Opera heard her sing in *Don Giovanni* in Barcelona, her native city, and said to her: "If you will lose forty pounds, I will pay you a thousand dollars to sing in San Francisco."

"Nobody wants to be fat," she later said, "but I come from a big-boned family." She didn't go to San Francisco, making her U.S. debut with the Dallas Civic Opera. After her New York success, Adler again offered to engage her for San Francisco. "I told him that instead of losing forty pounds, I had gained forty and that he couldn't afford me

because my fee was seven times what he had offered me," Caballé said, face and eyes glowing, as the boisterous laughter erupted.

After her New York debut, Caballé quickly became the most sought-after singer on the American scene. Columbia Artists Management was besieged with requests for Caballé appearances. Rudolf Bing began frenzied negotiations to sign her for the first season in the new Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center. Recording companies beat paths to her door, seeking exclusiveness of the services of a woman and a soprano who suddenly had become a star. Within a week, Columbia Artists had raised her fee to \$7,500 a performance, then equal to the highest price being paid for sopranos.

Delighted as she was to be invited to the Met, Caballé proved her business acumen by making conditions. The first was that she be allowed at least one performance at the old house. For sentimental reasons. She would sing any role at her command (and her repertoire was considerable). The second was that she be given the opening night of the second season at the new house. (Bing had announced an all-American cast for the first season.) The Met agreed to both conditions, and she made her Met debut at the old house in the old production of *Faust* without the benefit of a full rehearsal.

RCA won out over Angel for her recording contract and announced plans to record *Lucrezia Borgia* the following summer. RCA's classical executives were dismayed when a pirated version of the Carnegie Hall concert appeared and became a best-seller before they had any product to offer. Also, the company cannily bought Caballé's previous recording contract with the small Spanish Vergara company.

As much as Caballé was pleased by her instant American success, she let it be known in every press interview that her career would always be secondary to her family. Newly married to Spanish tenor Bernabe Marti, she also let it be known that she would be partial to engagements where he was hired to sing also. Impresarios bitterly regarded this as artistic blackmail, but usually went along if it meant the difference between having and not having her.

Caballé opened the second season at the new Met in Verdi's *La Traviata*, coincidental to RCA's release of same recording. In neither performance nor recording did the critics feel she lived up to their expectations. Where movement was not needed, as at the American Opera Society, Caballé triumphed again and again. When the performance was staged, her weight proved a major deterrent. The Met revived Verdi's *Luisa Miller* for her, and again the critics found vocal beauty coupled with clumsy stage mannerisms. But Caballé had become such an important box-

Above:  
Odds-on favorite in the bel canto battle, Australian soprano Joan Sutherland is the most familiar of the current interpreters of "Norma." (Photo by Louis Mélancon)

Opposite page left:  
The most successful Norma in recent memory, both vocally and dramatically, was that of Maria Callas. Unfortunately, her vocal powers had waned by the time she sang the role in this country. (Photo by Piccagliani)

Opposite page right:  
Although the New York City Opera's leading lark, Beverly Sills, has sung "Norma" away from home-base, she has not as yet officially joined the competition.





an RCA recording release just prior to that were widely awaited and were, to those whose expectations had risen too high, perhaps disappointing. The main ingredients of both the live performance and of the recording were the vocal performances of Monserrat Caballé and mezzo soprano Fiorenza Cossotto. Therefore, what transpired in the opera house and in the three-record album can be judged on parallel lines.

Despite the failings in both recording and live performance, these Normas qualify as the finest marriage of vocal, artistic and dramatic prowess that we have seen and heard in a long time. Actually, there has not been an ideal Norma in the modern era at the Metropolitan. When Maria Callas brought her conception to the house, her dramatic artistry was at its peak, but her voice was already well into decline (a decline which brought about her retirement shortly thereafter). Her first recording of the opera is, without question, the best document on discs but even in its prime, her voice had a stridency which alienated many listeners.

Next in succession came an RCA recording by Joan Sutherland (now on London) as well as her portrayal at the Met. Her range and vocal agility have been acclaimed time and again, but her dramatic involvement has always been superficial at best.

So, everyone hoped the new Norma would be *the* Norma. It is not, but it is a worthy one by any standard. It is disappointing in that it dampens the hope that there will ever be a perfect Norma.

On the disc, Caballé's "Casta Diva" (sung by her on record for the first time in its original G Major key) was uninteresting and patchy; on the stage, this first major aria by the soprano was uneven and flawed by a wavering pitch and, at times, a rather pallid timbre. Pitch plagued the soprano often during the first two acts, and it was obvious that she was having difficulty adjusting her voice to the size of the Metropolitan auditorium. Pitch on the recording flattened out one Cossotto climax, but this did not occur in the opera house.

In the third act, Caballé came into her own, imparting vocal beauty of line as well as a great degree of vocal drama, and she brought immense pathos to the role. In their duets, Caballé and Cossotto were as fine a team as one can remember. It is doubtful that their "Mira, O Norma!" has ever been matched. At this point, one indeed wonders if Cossotto is not the finest Adalgisa to be heard in the last twenty-five years.

In the fourth act's "In mia man alfin tu sei," Caballé disappointed on the record,



came nearer the mark in the house, but essentially caused the listener to wish for the gutsy treatment of the early Callas.

The disc Pollione was a stalwart Plácido Domingo. On the stage, John Alexander, with a long association with the role, ably pinch-hit for an indisposed Carlo Cossutto (who was lauded at his delayed Met debut in the role later in the week). Disc and live performance shared plodding conducting by Carlo Felice Gillario.

The Met production, with a demoniacal set to negotiate (little good can come when inadequately rehearsed singers must be more concerned with footwork than with voice work), is really a tiered disaster. The choristers and supers stand around like so many gravestones; the action is so enormously static that an occasional outstretched arm becomes earthshattering by virtue of its being the only movement to behold anywhere on stage.

On record, the Norma of Caballé stands as an important, if flawed, contribution — better than most, inferior to some, another step toward that elusive perfect Norma. On stage, its success or failure stems from the degree to which the viewer has built in his own expectations. Its opening-night shortcomings were of the sort that can (and should) be remedied in future performances.

office draw, the Met, like Liberace, cried all the way to the bank.

At the height of all the Caballé furor, the soprano was beset by American tax problems. Also, she became pregnant. On one score or both, she canceled a large chunk of her American season. More cancellations and another pregnancy followed. The second pregnancy caused her to cancel the opening night of Rudolf Bing's last season, which must have annoyed the general manager very much, since it was on the strength of the Caballé name that the house was hoping for a sellout on that night so dear to Bing. In that last season, Caballé appeared for only two performances, and it had become a matter of public reaction that her name gradually became linked with "no shows."

Thus, with *Norma* and all its inherent challenges, Caballé must use this season to regain credibility. She still is linked to the other four stars in the top five, but because of her unreliability, her management has not been able to keep her fee apace with the others.

At the height of her career, what Caballé needs, in the vernacular of Hollywood, is a comeback. So, on into "The Year of the Druid."

The first *Norma* of the 1972-73 Metropolitan Opera season on February 12, and



# Puerto Rico, You Lovely Island

And all the natives are steaming

by William Como

photos by Kenn Duncan

When Anita and her gang were packing them in for *West Side Story* on Broadway, the sentiment may have been, "I want to live in America." Today, it seems that the tides have turned and the airlines are packing them in for that "ugly" island.

Some of the attractions are natural — beaches, bananas, and sunshine. Other attractions are strictly man-made and marvelous — boutiques, nightclubs, and restaurants. As a sampler, here's a bit of Puerto Rico in fashion and in fun.

## **Fashion:**

Rafael Mojena was born in Havana, Cuba, where he achieved fame as a top designer. Immigrating to Miami and then to New York, where he continued to develop his career, Mojena then moved to Puerto Rico, where in the last nine years he has become a leading member of the fashion elite of the island. Featured on these pages are examples of the expertness which has prompted his popularity.



Models Sandra del Cañal and Carlos Sanchez-Negrette provide contrasting moods in fashions designed by Rafael Mojena, Inc. (152 Calle Fortaleza, San Juan, P.R.). Above, Carlos is cool in a checked, pure-cotton suit. At right, Sandra relaxes in red matte jersey pajamas for entertaining at home. On the opposite page, Carlos and Sandra enjoy the picturesque setting in matching outfits of beige cotton denim. Scarfs are also by Mojena.









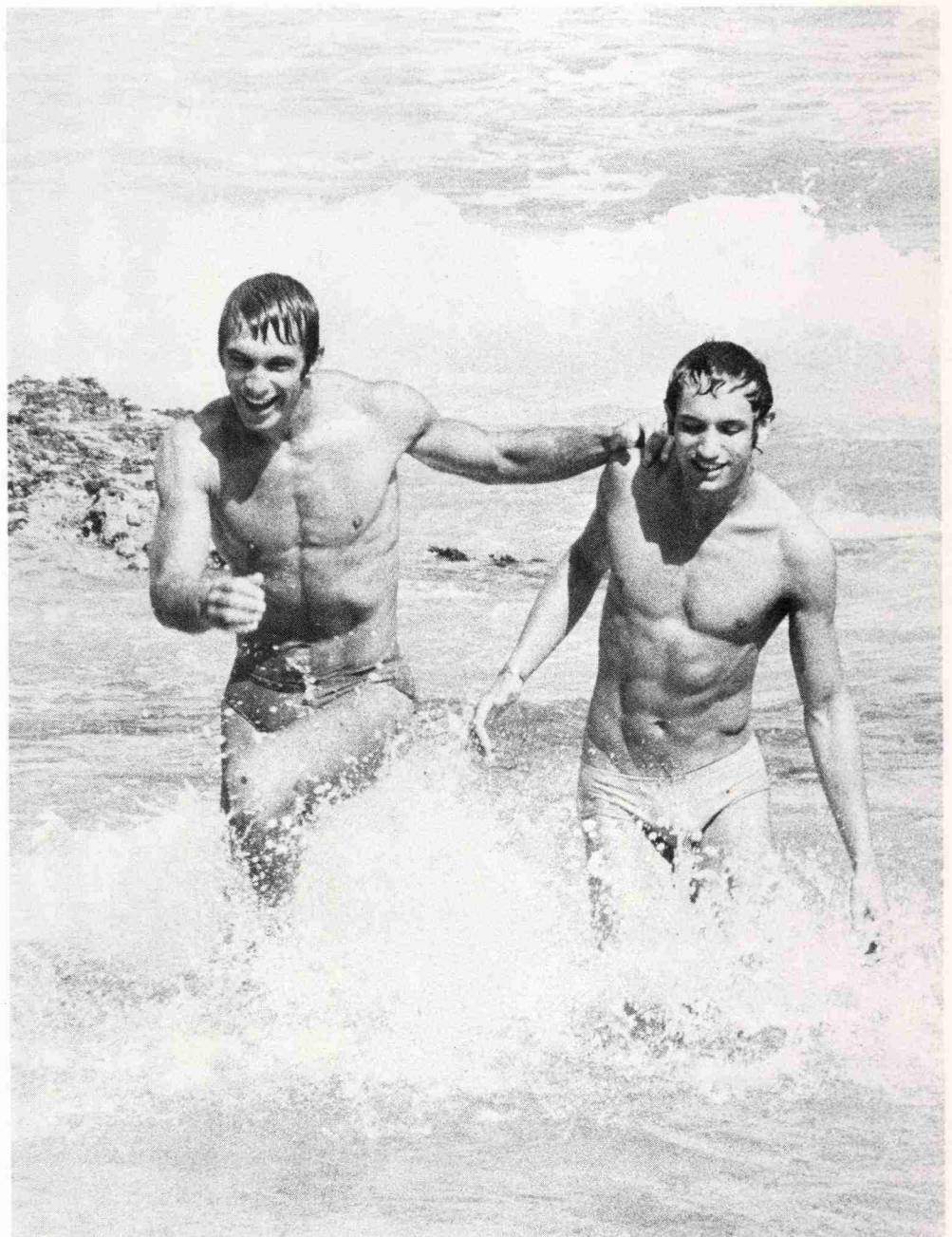


#### Entertainment:

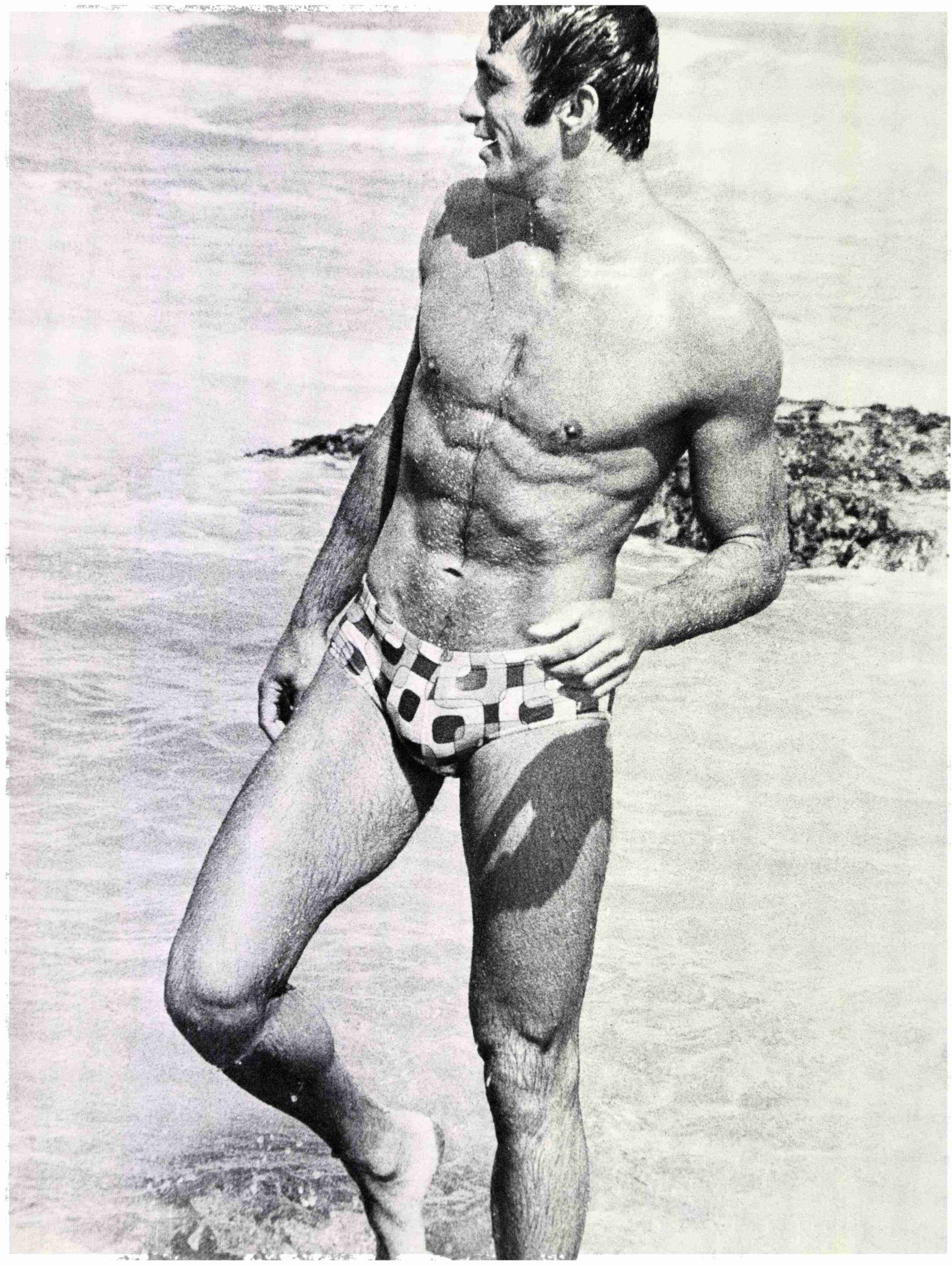
The Cabaret is the newest club in Old San Juan and it features a nightly extravaganza and comedy revue. Bruno Le Fantastique, part-owner, is a member of the female impersonation troupe which includes the antics of Brandy Alexander (center) and Bobby Ray (bottom).

Another popular show in San Juan is Barry Ashton's *Revue Royale de Paris, 1973*, at the Americana. Dancer Michael Walker is shown (center) in a number choreographed by Steve Merritt.

San Juan is lined with many beautiful beaches which provide an attraction for tourists from all over the world. Adagio-dancer Jean Morency (below left) enjoys the surf with Carlos. The swimming suits pictured on this page and the following page are from The Shirt Tale (647 Lexington, N.Y.C.).









(continued from p. 17)

fascinating characters who really come alive.

Wilson's characterizations are superb. We care about these people in a way we haven't since early Williams or O'Neill and Odets. And though some of the acting leaves a little to be desired, several members of the cast are really exceptional: Mari Gorman as a tough greaser girl with a stubborn dream of her own farm in Utah (it ends up being salt desert) and a wonder drug made out of garlic juice; Trish Hawkins as a very unsteretyped hooker; Zane Lasky as Ms. Gorman's peculiar, checker-playing brother; Louise Clay as a hard-soft switchboard operator.

According to the program, Marshall W. Mason has directed some 16 earlier plays by Wilson, but his direction here is the one weak link in an otherwise strong production—surprisingly unfocused at times, with bad pacing of lines (though this is difficult when Wilson has several conversations and monologues programmed simultaneously, as it were) and little help to the actors in getting the most meaning possible out of the lines.

Following its recent success with Ionesco's *Exit the King*, the New Repertory Company has what should prove an even bigger hit with *Ionescapade*, an adaptation-collage of early works by the zany Romanian-born playwright whose writing spearheaded the whole Theatre of the Absurd movement back in the 50's.

Robert Allan Ackerman, who adapted and directed both this and *Exit*, has a particular knack for the absurdist writers. The bill at NRC also includes Arrabal's black comedy war-minuet, *Picnic on a Battlefield*, which is similarly well-paced, controlled in its wry wit, and full of carefully coached line-readings from the strong crew of NRC repertory actors.

But the big story of the evening is what Ackerman has done with the Ionesco. Working closely with composer Mildred Kayden and choreographer Merry Lynn Katis, he's taken three early Ionesco one-acts (*Salutations*, *Maid to Marry* and *The Leader*), as well as Ms. Katis' songs to the Maid's "Fire" speech in *The Bald Soprano* and to the three-nosed bride's "Everyone Is Like Us" poem in *Jack, or the Submission*, and has created a vaudeville romp in, around and through the audience. It is both a delightful experience in and of itself and a perfect transcription of Ionescan stoned non-sequitur absurdity into an inventive new framework—just different enough to give it plenty of interest and freshness of its own, but very true to the spirited spirit of the original. Again Ruth Wallman, Myra Malkin, Joseph Abaldo and Richard Catesby are first-rate, and Marion McCrory does a deliciously dirty can-can come-on to "Everyone Is Like Us." All in all, you get the feeling

Ionesco himself would be quite pleased.

Theatre Genesis, located in St. Mark's-in-the-Bowery, has concerned itself since its inception in 1964 with the theater of personal politics, the day-to-day drama of simply staying alive in contemporary society. One of Genesis's most important productions (first presented there in late 1967) returned for an all-too-brief run in February (following a few weeks at the Mercer Arts Center).

**The Hawk** is an improvisational collaboration by playwright Murray Mednick and director Tony Barsha (both mainstays of Genesis) with their Keystone Theatre Company. The play grew out of six months of living, improvising, editing and working out together that the company did on a communal farm in 1967. The plot is simple: The Hawk is a pusher who lives in an all-blue apartment, listens to all-blues music (played live and well in the 1973 production by Cricket Crocket and Marc Dobriner), and kills all his customer-victims with overdoses of heroin—after sadistically playing with their minds until he bores of the games and shoots them up over the edge. He also has a double with whom he chats while he showers after each send-off—and whom he gets rid off in the end as well.

The 1973 production features the framework and most of the Hawk-Double lines of the original unchanged; the rest of the improvised characterizations (even those of Barbara eda-Young and Sally Sommer, who were in the original production) have changed considerably. The result, now as then, is powerful, disturbing, extremely relevant theater. Michael Brody, as the Hawk, gives a truly uncanny interpretation—steel-hard, sardonic, almost satanic in his "remove" from the desperation he confronts—and the rest of the cast (Lee Kissman repeating as the Double, Ms. eda-Young, Ms. Sommer, Kathleen Kramer, Hedy Sontag, Bill Hart and Victor Stin) are all fine as well.

The Negro Ensemble Company, which is presently enjoying a highly successful run with *The River Niger* (see *AD*, March, 73) on its main stage, recently offered a month of studio performances in its upstairs stage-space. The high-level acting, directing and writing were startling for a workshop production (and I understand they're indicative of the general production standards at NEC). Seret Scott's *Funnytimes*, set up in dialogue composed entirely of two- and three-word phrases, showed a real sensitivity to the rhythms and sounds of contemporary speech patterns; Buriel Clay II's *Buy a Little Tenderness* gave us ghetto life that was both funny and real, though the characterizations (I particularly liked Linda Pierce and Trazana Beverly as the hookers) were superior to the somewhat predictable plotting. Both one-acts (the first was actually in two similar

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halves, which opened and closed the evening) were well staged by Hal de Windt.

## All Around the Town

by Patrick Pacheco

Ayn Rand's **Penthouse Legend** (originally produced on Broadway in 1935 under the title of *Night of January 16th*) has enough excitement and intrigue to keep it running until the night of January 16th—and then some. While it is not as cleverly crafted as *Sleuth*, it is just as absorbing, while effectively presenting the philosophical tenets for which Miss Rand obviously wrote it.

Basically, it is about the trial of a young woman, Karen Andre, accused of murdering her boss and lover, an international financier. With an enormous appetite for power and pleasure, he had managed to build, with her help, a far-reaching but hollow empire through deceit and fraud. Prosecuting her is a district attorney, who sees himself as a valiant defender of society against permissiveness. He receives help from the deceased man's drippingly sweet wife and her morally pompous father, a banker and philanthropist.

However, what is really on trial here are two very different views of life: whether it is possible for extraordinarily gifted men to defy society's norms and conventions, and be answerable only to themselves, or should they be coerced into submitting to the status quo. "The only two things I have ever loved is my whip over the world and Karen Andre" reads an alleged suicide note of the victim. Thus the play, with some surprises, subtly and perceptively explores man's choices.

A courtroom drama lends itself too easily to the stage. As a result, the play is sometimes static and the bursts of activity that do occur (as in the case of surprise witnesses) seem too contrived; however, one is surprisingly caught up in the action and never bored.

For the most part, the characters are believable and well-drawn: Kay Gillian, as the accused, plays her part with the right amount of icy severity and sensitivity, although she is somewhat wooden at the beginning; Bob Allen, as John Whitfield, is convincingly hypocritical and irascible; and Harvey Solin, as "Guts" Regan, makes the most of a very colorful role. Michael Thompson, Robert Fitzsimmons and Holly Hill are also part of this impressive cast.

The play should have wide appeal—for those who like theater solely as entertainment as well as for those who like to mull over philosophical questions that merit intelligent debate.

Bruce Peyton's **Lightnin' Bugs 'n' God 'n' Things**, at the Central Arts Cabaret, is a





Ron House, as third-rate impresario Pepe Hernandez, tries to pass off his relatives as international cabaret stars in the hilarious revue, "El Grande de Coca Cola." The name was changed from "El Coca Cola Grande" when the Coca-Cola Co. threatened to sue for infringement of their trademark.

charming and vibrant show spiced with much wit and catchy, simple songs of celebration. Thoughtfully conceived and directed by Nyla Lyon, it has all the energy of a revival meeting.

The five performers—Carolyn Cope, James Seymour, Joel Simon, Connie Van Essen and Mychelle Smily—who effectively present the play's message are members of an obviously disciplined and hard-working troupe. The acting is uniformly excellent, especially Connie Van Essen as the spinster, "a prize which has not yet been awarded." She is a prize, indeed, as is the entire show. James Seymour has a rich voice, and sings with simple authority.

The Central Arts Cabaret, described by Producing Director Al Dubose as a Theater for Religion and Arts, has organized a talented and perceptive group—God is in there all right, but in a vital, relevant and non-preachy way.

Eat your heart out, Joan Crawford! **El Grande de Coca-Cola** is a pause that more than refreshes. In fact, it is one of the funniest, zaniest, and silliest revues ever to hit east of the Pecos River. The irreverence and total insanity that dominates the stage of the Oscar Wilde Room at the Mercer Arts Center creates a great deal of laughter. Yet, underneath the madcap antics of this Latin Laugh-in, one has the suspicion that there is a great deal of comedic talent and polish.

The action of *El Grande de Coca-Cola* takes place in the present in a tacky nightclub in Trujillo, Honduras. Pepe Hernandez, a third-rate impresario, has boasted to the press that he is bringing a group of famous international cabaret stars to Trujillo and has persuaded his uncle, the manager of the local Coca-Cola plant, to sponsor him. It's show-time for the *Parada de Estrellas* (Parade of Stars). What ensues can hardly be believed, much less described. Even Ted Mack would have had second thoughts. The "international"

al" stars are all members of Pepe Hernandez's family who appear and then reappear in various roles.

Responsible for this lunatic hour are five sterling comedians billed as the Low Moan Spectacular, who, with the exception of Ron House (Don Pepe), who was born in Chicago, were all born in the British Isles. The revue, conceived by Ron House and Diz White, played largely in England and Europe before convulsing American audiences in laughter.

The chief dangers for a revue that is a constant parody is that it can soon get tiring, or that it may occasionally lapse into bad taste. *El Grande* has wisely and mercifully been kept short (62 minutes), but the Señor "Blind Joe" Jackson of Mississippi bit was definitely in poor taste. Ron House, Alan Shearman, John Neville-Andrews, Diz White and Sally Willis are the excellent comedians that make the fast, furious fun.

The Mercer Arts Center also has a cabaret for relaxing before or after shows, and if lucky, you'll catch a super-talented singer, Marya Small. You just haven't lived until you've heard her sing the three "Fallen Women" numbers by John Dennings. A real treat!

## FILMS

by Norma McLain Stoop

**Baxter!**(produced by Arthur Lewis, directed by Lionel Jeffries, National General) is a scream cutting through black nights of loneliness. The scream is torn from the throat of Roger Baxter (Scott Jacoby), a boy who is little more to his parents than an unpleasant leftover of their broken marriage, but all victims of the small and large cruelties of selfishness will identify with it.

Roger, whose nervous speech impediment makes him a joke to many and a burden to himself, is taken to London by his mother after her divorce. Unable to find love, or even kindness, at home, he gets both from a young model (Britt Ekland), her lover (Jean-Pierre Cassel), a kooky student (Sally Thomsett) and a speech therapist (Patricia Neal). Faced with the actual loss of the model and the student, on top of the psychological loss of his parents, he collapses and becomes a silent monument to misery, only able to communicate again when someone as unhappy as he shares not only love, but sadness, with him.

Scott Jacoby's delightful acting blends humor and poignancy; Miss Ekland and Cassel couldn't be more appealing; Patricia Neal gives a towering performance. Though Lynn Carlin, as the mother, gives a one-note characterization, and the direction is not always well paced, *Baxter!* is an unusual, highly intelligent, very worthwhile film in



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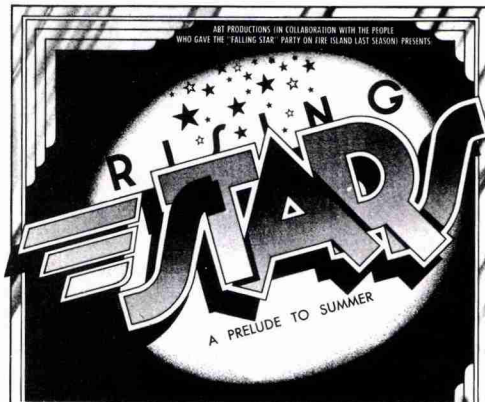
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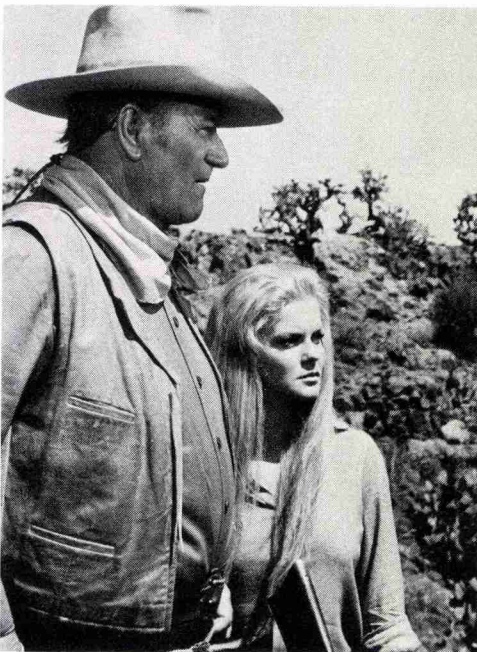
which pathos never spills over into bathos.

**Wattstax** (produced by Larry Shaw and Mel Stuart, directed by Mel Stuart, Columbia), a documentary of the Los Angeles Coliseum benefit concert commemorating the Watts riots, packs a powerful musical and sociological punch. Obviously aimed primarily at the black movie-goer, others might well benefit by this honest look at the life styles and thinking of the over one hundred thousand people directly and indirectly involved in this film, who represent an even larger segment of our population.

Although its photography and editing are so-so, the vitality of *Wattstax* is refreshing and very appealing.

**The Train Robbers** (produced by Michael Wayne, directed by Burt Kennedy, Warner Bros.) is a Western with a twist. Instead of depending on action, adventure and fast-paced direction, it rather deeply explores interpersonal relationships. It may not be an exciting horse opera, but it is a leisurely, delightful, gentle put-on of the genre.

Good acting can always be expected of John Wayne, Rod Taylor and Ben Johnson, and they really deliver in this film, but Ann-Margret is a delicious surprise as a widow who surprises most everyone in the movie's clever ending. Ricardo Montalban is stylish as Burt Kennedy's favorite film con-



*Ann-Margret turns out to be a delightful surprise when she joins John Wayne in "The Train Robbers," from Warner Bros.*

ception—the ever-present, never noticed but all-knowing onlooker.

There's a great deal of quiet, subtle fun to be found below the surface of *The Train Robbers*.

**I Am a Dancer** (produced by Evdoros Demetriou, directed by Pierre Jourdan, Cinevision Films) is a best bet because of its superior entertainment values as well as its

fascinating insights into a way of life unfamiliar to many. And through it all, Rudolf Nureyev, ballet superstar, moves as deliberately as a jungle cat, wary and moody, his banked fires flaring only for the kill—the performance.

It is in the depiction of a dancer's life of daily sessions at the barre, classes that leave him limp and sweat-soaked, physically exhausted, but which must be followed by the mental strain of rehearsal before the beautifully packaged performance, the star's smiling face, and the star's lithe body can be displayed to the public, that the film is strongest.

Of the several performance sequences, *Marguerite and Armand*, danced with Margot Fonteyn, is the most interesting. The two create a memorable romantic ambience in this work. The rehearsal of *Field Figures* (with Deanne Bergsma) seems the weakest. The excerpt from *La Sylphide* (with the exquisite Carla Fracci) is too brief for a mood to be established. Of course, the big classical *pas de deux* from *Sleeping Beauty* (with Lynn Seymour) is electric and compelling, Nureyev's technique and character meshing to fine effect in these engrossing dance moments.

But the film is most absorbing when in the classroom and the dressing room, where the real Nureyev, minus stage trappings, projects the strength, the mood and the personality without which not even his fabulous technique could have made him the international superstar he is.

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**Black Caesar** (produced and directed by Larry Cohen, American International Pictures) is definitely not for the squeamish. All of the vicious violence of a violent city—New York—seems compactly packed into this blood-bath of a movie.

Fred Williamson gives a strong performance as a cold-blooded killer obsessed by his feud with a ruthless, crooked cop who lamed him as a child. All the acting is expert and Art Lund really makes the cop come alive. The photography is particularly fine and James Brown's music adds much to the film.

**Sugar Cookies** (produced by Ami Artzi, directed by Theodore Gershuny, General Films) is a strange, terrifying film. This peculiar story of revenge has sordid sex and violence taking place in most beautiful settings, and its sophistication of plot and its cinematic values deserve being displayed in better surroundings than the Forty-Second Street movie house where its distributor has placed it.

Although its warped sexual theme well warrants an X rating, this is no ordinary



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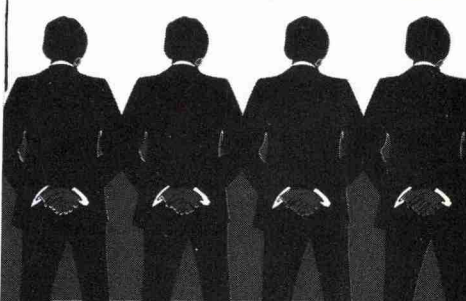
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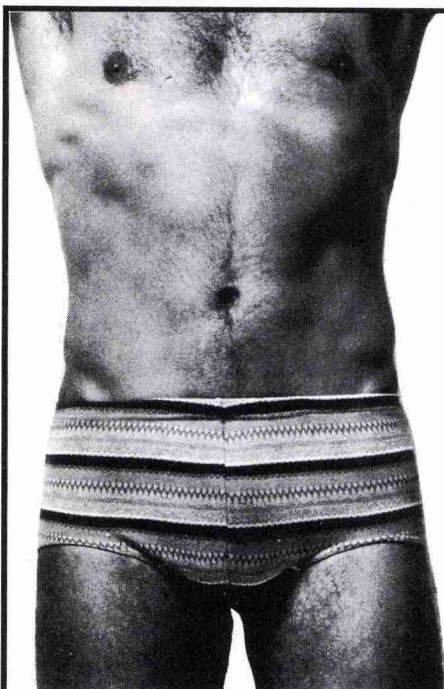


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porno film, but essentially a porno put-on, and its often good acting, very good direction and unusually interesting locales make it worth seeing if one's stomach is strong enough to digest some of the twisted sex and violence involved.

Lynn Lowry is appealing as a more-or-less helpless two-way victim; Monique Van Vooren is fine; and Lowell Nesbitt's paintings and Gershon Kingsley's music do a world of good to *Sugar Cookies*.

Proceed at your own risk:

Innocent bystanders sometimes become involved in unpleasant experiences. Such as **Innocent Bystanders** (produced by George H. Brown, directed by Peter Collinson, Paramount), a violent yet weak and woodenly acted rehash of every spy melodrama ever made.

## More FILMS

by Martin Mitchell

It's been a long time — the time of *Shoot the Piano Player*, to be exact — since Truffaut has been able to put to very good use his passion for old American gangster and thriller movies. And that hasn't been for lack of trying: *The Bride Wore Black* and *Mississippi Mermaid* were both adapted from mysteries whose authors were attractive to Hollywood filmmakers of the 30's and 40's, and several other films of his have at various moments and in various ways paid their respects to that vigorous species.

And now we have Truffaut's new work, whose title has been translated into English, if one can call it that, as **Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me** (produced by Les Films du Carrosse, directed by François Truffaut, Columbia). Taken from a novel by Henry Farrell, the plot revolves around the exploits of an irrepressible tart named Camille, who since an early age has disposed of all those who came in her way by means of carefully planned accidents she calls "fate bets." At the beginning of the picture, she is already in prison for her deeds, and is relaying the details of her sordid life to a straight-laced young fellow with a tape recorder who hopes to fashion her remarks into a doctoral thesis. What keeps us guessing, as the extraordinary, perhaps exaggerated incidents in Camille's career unfold in flashback, is how these two opposites — the reckless, inhibited woman and her proper, ingenuous interviewer — will affect each other. We already know, from the movie's opening scene, that the thesis was never published.

Truffaut makes this bit of trivia work, unlike earlier efforts, by keeping it light. Instead of adding personal touches (the sweeping camera, the lyricism, a bitter-sweet tenderness towards his characters) which sacrificed whole movies like *The Bride Wore*



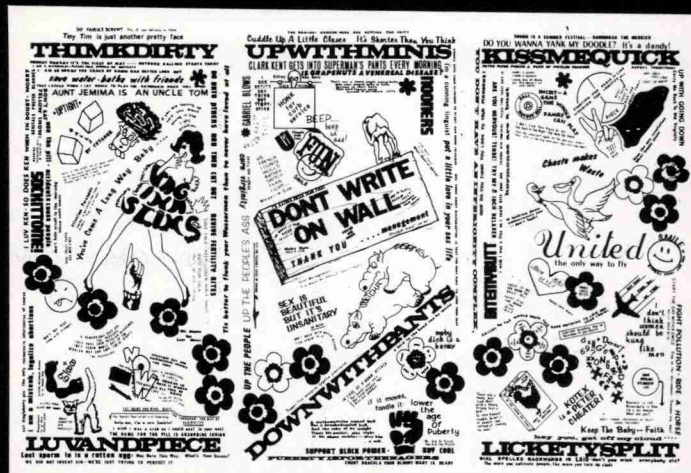
*Black* for the sake of individual strokes of his genius, the director has chosen to respect the integrity of the original, such as it is, and provide momentum to what is essentially farce. The result, while it may disappoint those looking for the familiar Truffaut approach, is a delightfully amusing film of unremitting exuberance and zest. Though uncharacteristic, *Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me* is perhaps Truffaut's most unselfconsciously robust work since *Jules and Jim*. Thus new directions are signaled. Bernadette Lafont, who appeared in Truffaut's first film, the short feature called *Les Mistons*, gives a remarkable, lusty performance as Camille, abetted by such fine actors as Charles Denner and Philippe Leotard among her victims.

The trendy, facile claim of *Family Honor* (produced by Louis Pastore, directed by Clark Worswick, Cinerama), a sleazy little flick that would cash in on *The Godfather*, headlines about cop killings and the general rash of violence movies, is that New York City policemen and members of "the organization" are often the same people. Italians and cops should love it. The hero, played by a newcomer named Antony Page, who is indistinguishable from Mark Spitz just as all aspiring actors of a few years back were indistinguishable from Elliott Gould, is an Italian cop whose mother keeps weepily begging him to hunt down the killers of his father, also an Italian cop. I have never heard of anyone connected with this inept bit of gory soap opera, or do I expect to hear of them again. Only James Reyes, as an under-world big shot, has a clue to what acting's all about, and he gets his fairly early on. Were I to have anticipated the reactions of the audience for which this kind of film is made (and it was probably made overnight), I would have stomped my feet and chanted, "We want a blood bath!" and I would not have had long to wait.

**Painters Painting** (produced and directed by Emile De Antonio, New Yorker Films), which is being given only limited showing, is worth going out of one's way to see if only for its sobering insights into the commercial aspects of the New York art scene. These emerge almost as a conspiracy of hustlers — the gallery owners and patrons, mostly, as well as the artists themselves — against a readily exploited, undiscerning public and along the lines of "Why don't you paint me a soup can, Andy, I know I can sell it." Concentrating on American painting from 1940 to 1970, the film is rather datedly limited to abstract expressionism and Pop, but it does contain informative interviews with such giants in their field as Robert Motherwell, Jasper Johns and the late Barnett Newman.

**Charlotte's Web** (produced by Joseph Barbera and William Hanna, directed by Charles A. Nichols and Iwao Takamoto,

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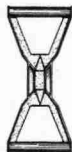
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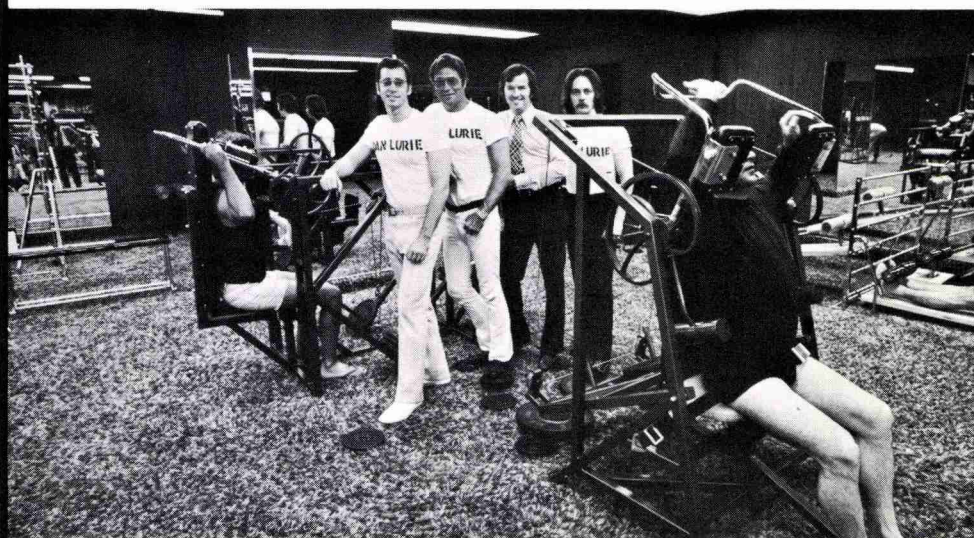
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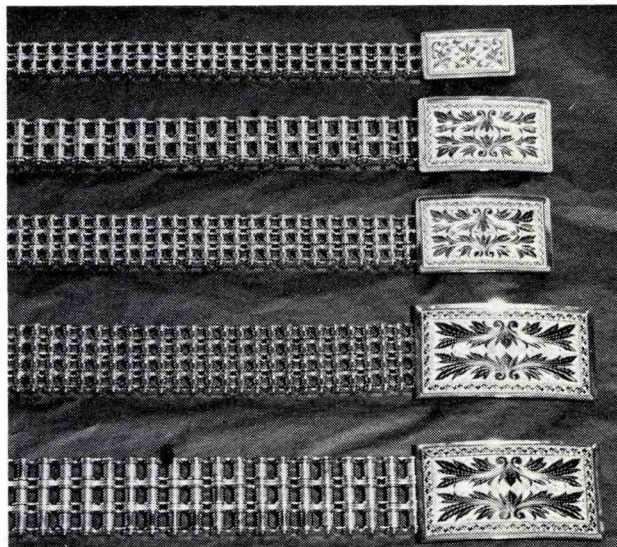
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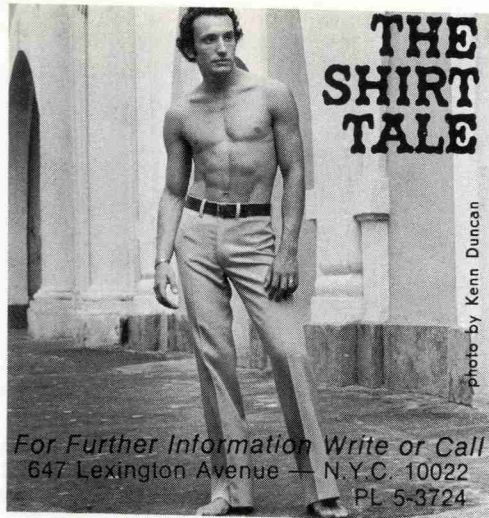
by John David Richardson

When the American Symphony Orchestra disbanded after its Spring '72 season, New York was left much less the richer. The ASO's prime mover, Maestro Leopold Stokowski, could hardly be expected to tolerate the petty politicking that precipitated its demise. Fortunately for the world at large, London Records still serves us well, and its two-record set, Sixtieth Anniversary Concert, (SPC 21090/1) is a preservation of the concert commemorating Maestro Stokowski's debut with the London Symphony Orchestra. Recorded in Royal Festival Hall in June of 1972, the program is a repeat of the 1912 program (a fact somehow omitted in the liner notes), and although it consists mainly of war-horses, rest assured that they are thoroughbreds. Stokowski and the London Symphony are in full form, and they create a distinct kind of magic with Wagner's Prelude to *Die Meistersinger* and Debussy's *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune*. The firm reading of the Brahms First Symphony has all the drive and drama expected. The greatest treat, however, is the unexpected and eloquent Glazunov Violin Concerto, beautifully played with soloist Silvia Marcovicci. As an added treat, Maestro Stokowski comments to the cheering crowd and then delivers a spirited *Marche Slav*, and London's Phase 4 brings the whole business, Tchaikovsky and all, roaring into the room.

Lovers of the music of Camille Saint-Saëns will be more than ecstatic with Seraphim's new three-disc recording of the five piano concertos (SIC-6081). Pianist Aldo Ciccolini joins the Orchestre de Paris under Serge Baudo in capturing the grandeloquence of these major works of an inconsistent but undeniably "important" composer. Ciccolini's pianism is appropriately elegant and beautifully phrased throughout and complemented at every turn by the orchestra. Not only are the more familiar concertos beautifully rendered, as fine as on records, but the less familiar works are a delight to discover (Concerto No. 3, for example).

Almost as if to point up the banality that Saint-Saëns was so capable of creating, the "extra" side in this album is filled out with the Septet for Trumpet, Strings and Piano,





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Opus 65, performed by the Groupe Instrumental de Paris, with Jean Laforge at the piano. This work is uninspired on all accounts. Perhaps as an apology, the *Etude en forme de valse*, Opus 56, is deftly delivered by Ciccolini. Seraphim's sound is first-rate and the album is not only a welcome but an economical addition to record libraries.

## Pop

by Fred Walker

*The History of M-G-M Movie Music, Volume 1 (M-G-M SES-15-ST)* is a conglomeration of old soundtrack discs from the M-G-M vaults. Hopefully further albums in this projected series will include unreleased material from such films as *The Great Ziegfeld*, *The Barkleys of Broadway* and *Hit the Deck*. This would be a bonanza for collectors and the ever-growing herd of movie buffs. For the time being, Volume 1 will have to suffice. It includes, in stereo, dance music from *The Pirate*, *The Band Wagon* and *Lili*. The copious and intelligent liner notes are a valuable asset.

The soundtrack album of *Last Tango in Paris* (UA LA045) will probably be as big a success as its mother. The publicity campaign that has intimidated the critics into praising the film will serve the album too. But this jazz score sounds like a soundtrack from one of those cheaply made European films of the Fifties. Not having seen *Tango* may put me at a disadvantage, but I prefer to save \$5.00 and wait until I can see it on a double bill with *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*.

*Fellini's Roma* (UA LA052) contains a superb score by Nino Rota in the (by now) classic Fellini style. The vaudeville music is the highlight of the record—as it was in the film.

Cleo Laine makes her Carnegie Hall debut this month and Stanyan has released *Day by Day* (SR1-0067) to coincide with this engagement. Miss Laine has a beautifully expressive and impressive voice which mesmerizes on such cuts as "Make It with You," "Day by Day" and "Stop and Smell the Roses." Her small but intelligent cult should increase in vast numbers as a result of this album and her Carnegie Hall appearance.

Dorothea Joyce's *Enlightment* (Evolution 3015) displays this talented composer-singer to good advantage. However, Miss Joyce should not sing only her own material. This is a disease currently infecting many performers, most of whom are obviously deaf. Miss Joyce is somewhat an exception because many of her songs are stunning. But with such an intense voice, she should vary her work with other composers' songs.

*Dion and the Belmonts: Reunion* (Warner

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Bros. 0598) was recorded at one of those Madison Square Garden rock and roll nostalgia events. This record contains such gems as "I Wonder Why," "Runaround Sue" and "A Teenager in Love," which all sound great. The album is fun and much safer than attending one of those concerts with those 50's hoods (usually named Vinnie and Mary Ann) who attend. It's nice to know these hoods ended up exactly like you hoped they would.

Ray Conniff's *I Can See Clearly Now* (Columbia KC 32090) is perfect MOR listening, and anyone who can make "Ben," that ode to a rat, sound lyrical, deserves respect.

## Rock

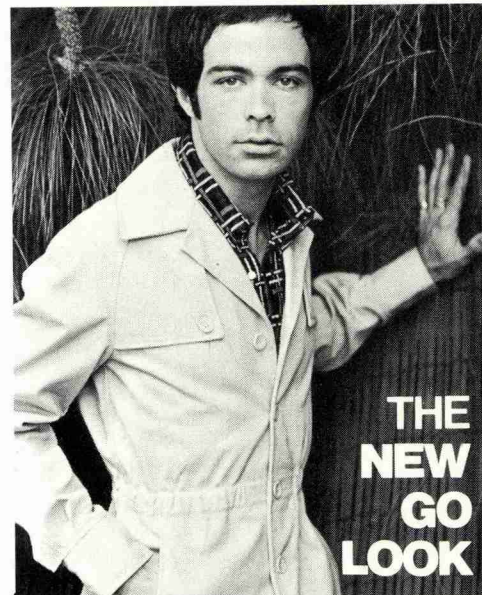
by Henry Edwards

*Rod McKuen: Greatest Hits, Vol. 4* (Warner Bros. BS 2688): Well, I did not listen to much rock this month. Unopened record piled on unopened record while I searched for something that I really wanted to hear. When this disc emerged from among a set of new releases from Warner Bros., I knew that I had found my album. Grand Funk Railroad will just have to wait until next month! Here is a sampler of a kind of food for the spirit that would put Adelle Davis' earth-bound potions out of business. Allow yourself to be caressed by McKuen's unfettered imagery. Feel strengthened by the unadorned simplicity of the poet's melodies. Delight in the refreshing sound of McKuen's voice, an instrument that suddenly becomes the wind in one song on this disc, and then transforms itself into the roar of a primal Tarzan in another. This voice is definitely addictive; it could become one's own personal palliative against loneliness, against despair.

For the record, this set contains—among others—the eloquent "And to Each Season," the lilting "Ain't You Glad You're Livin', Joe?" the impassioned "Amsterdam," the compelling "If You Go Away," the nutty "Trashy," and the latest candidate for the McKuen theme song, a carefully tooled, captivating ode to affirmation, "Blessings of the Day."

Most of all, the greatest hit on this album is the poet himself. Here is a body of work that has always glowed with total honesty. I'm sure that if I met Rod McKuen I would not be disappointed.

*Steely Dan* (ABV AROX 758): Welcome to this six-man unit. They are destined to have high-flying careers! This pronouncement is based on the fact that Steely Dan's debut LP exudes gobs and gobs of raw but disciplined talent. The band's composers (who are responsible for the writing of that hypnotic, Latin-flavored hit single, "Do It Again," Jeff Becker and Donald Fagen, have a winning way with words and a sure gift for



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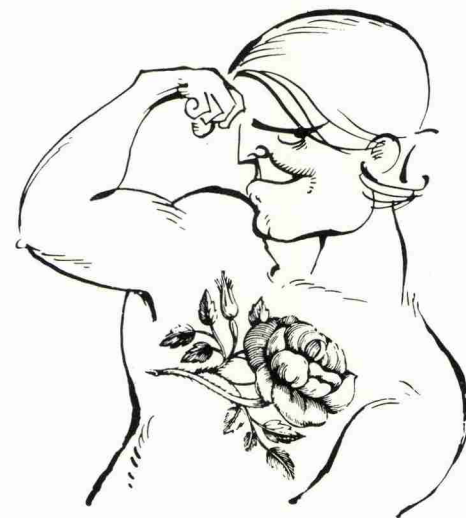
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melody. Becker also plays a tightly controlled bass and Fagen really does play that keyboard. In addition, his vocal on "Do It Again" is infectious enough to be one of the reasons why the song has grabbed the country.

Steely Dan cooks without depending upon empty flash. These musicians are seasoned; they've obviously paid their dues. They have quality and their best work is still to come.

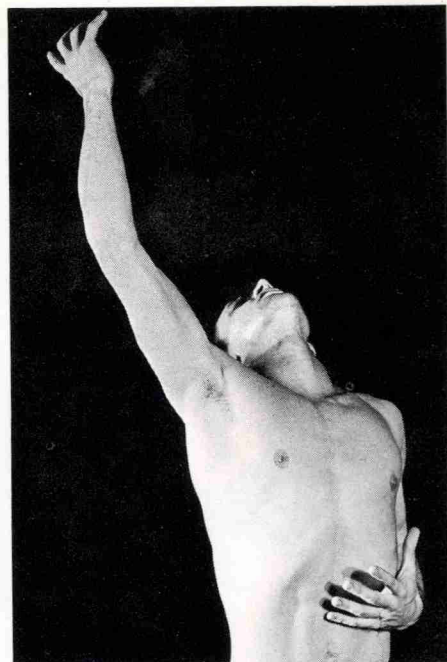
*Chris Robison and His Many-Hand Band* (Gypsy Frog 1): Usually albums featuring male vocalists who write and sing numbers like "Lookin' for a Boy Tonight" are silly bores. This first effort is an exception. Chris Robison is honest about his sexuality. It's all over the album. Yet, he is neither trying to shock or to exploit homosexuality as just another of today's pop gimmicks. He has let his audience know a major detail of his life, and then he buckles down to his real concern, which happens to be music. Robison wrote everything in this album; he sings all lead and harmony lines; he plays every instrument; he produced the disc. The musician does creditably in each category. He also displays a genial sense of humor and lots of good cheer. This ambitious project establishes one fact: Chris Robison has talent. That talent deserves to be developed.

## BOOKS

by Richard Philp

One of the most exciting aspects of *Alice in Wonderland: The Forming of a Company and the Making of a Play* is its visual approach to a theatrical subject. Richard Avedon's photographs are spectacular, leaping off page after page like black and white bolts, interwoven with a candid text which introduces the seven members of the Manhattan Project and includes the text (by Doon Arbus) of the Project's triumphant production of *Alice* (under Andre Gregory's direction). A must for anybody interested in the most current of contemporary theater, it is also a must for anybody wishing to luxuriate in the glory of a beautifully designed book. Published by Dutton, and sold for \$15 (hardcover), \$5.95 (softcover).

Another beauty is *The American Film Heritage: Impressions from the American Film Institute Archives* (Acropolis, \$17.50) which is, as implied, an impression in brief essays and priceless photos of the work of the American Film Institute, an organization funded by the National Endowment of the Arts and dedicated to preserving American film. The films selected support the contention that films are far more than entertainment: they are historical and sociological documents; they are art; they are history. And, inevitably, they are an inextricable part



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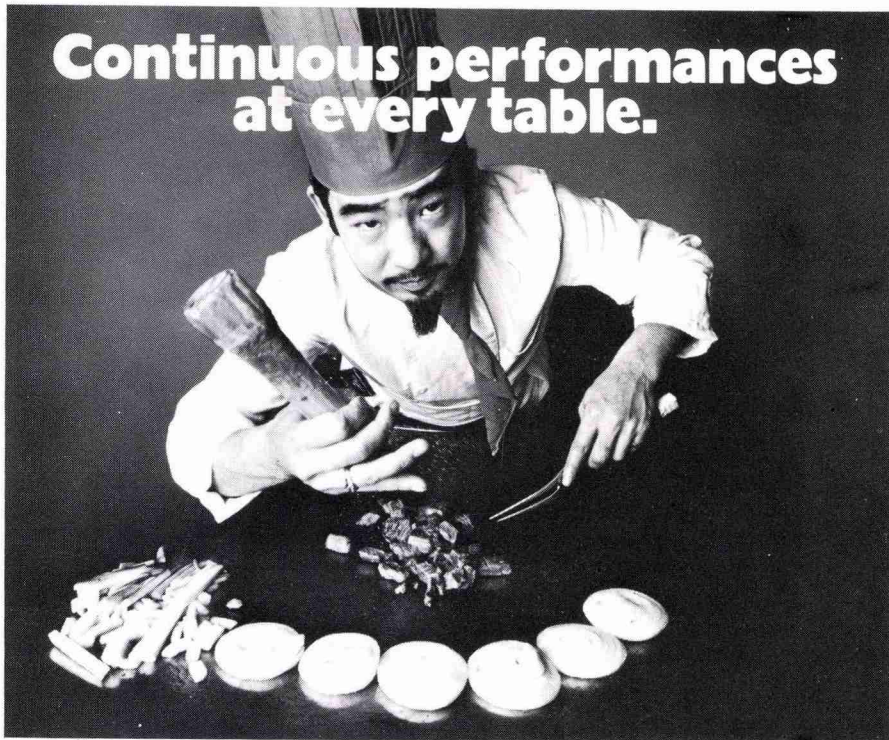
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*Broadway's Greatest Musicals* is back in a new, illustrated and updated edition by Abe Laube (Funk and Wagnalls, \$10.00), packing an enormous amount of valuable and interesting information—principally about American musicals during the past three decades—into 500 pages. The productions are described, anecdotes passed on, and the shows put in perspective for their periods, giving a sense of an organic theater. A valuable appendix of the long-runners is included, listing the shows which have run over 500 performances.

## TRAVEL LINES

by Louis Miele

Since this seems to be Rod McKuen month at *After Dark*, it's only fitting to bring to your attention the BOAC special "Rod McKuen London Concertour," a two-week tour which includes a party hosted by Rod McKuen and tickets to his concert at Royal Albert Hall plus four other London theater productions. Also included in this \$449 trip is the round-trip jet fare, hotel accommodations at the Kensington Close Hotel, daily continental breakfast, transfers and sightseeing in and around London.

The tour departs from New York on May 3 and returns on May 18. Concertour brochures and booking information are available at any BOAC office.

Anthony Turney, president of A.B.T. Productions, has scheduled a unique entertainment event for May 12, 1973. He has chartered a 2,000-passenger river steamer, the *S.S. Bay Belle*, for that evening.

The ship has four large decks, one of which, the dance deck, will be transformed into a spectacular environment, complete with a custom sound system. The event is called "Rising Stars — A Prelude to Summer." There are two other lounge decks and one open-air deck — for star-gazing, I guess!

The cruise will include free beverages, a complimentary continental breakfast and free vitamin C. It's literally a full night's entertainment for the price of the ticket, which is \$10. Mr. Turney got the idea for this event after the success of his last season's "Falling Star" party at Fire Island, which was attended by 700 party-goers. So he has decided to organize a similar event in New York to start the summer off with a bang. Hence, the "Rising Stars" cruise.

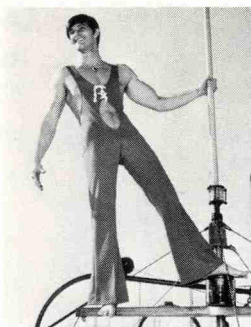
The *Bay Belle* will leave Battery Park Dock at 11:30 p.m. and cruise up the Hudson, returning down to Battery Park. Tickets to this "spectacular" will only be available by advance sale from A.B.T. Productions, Inc., 36 West 86th St., N.Y.C. 10024. Mr. Turney hopes to sail away with guests aboard "whose heads are in the right place," with not a trace of bad vibrations or



### TEMPTING TANK

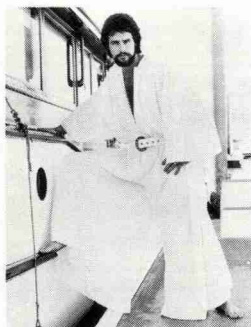
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The gracious owner, Mme Kuo, is a stunning woman with an exotic "Dragon Lady" look to her. She is articulate and highly cultured, which is very evident as she goes from table to table greeting her customers. One of her long-held theories is that Chinese cuisine should be enjoyed with wines rather than tea, such as Wan Fu, which is an inexpensive dry white wine especially blended to complement Chinese foods.

I suggest starting dinner with one of the exotic concoctions rather than the usual cocktail. Give a try to the Fire Mountain (described as "a strong man's passion") served with a flaming center. It is as good as it looks.

The menu is extensive and extremely enticing. I would advise letting Mme. Kuo suggest dishes to you if it is your first visit to the Ginkgo Tree. Our group plunged into a bouquet which started off with Bong Bong chicken, shrimp medallion, gourmet shrimp and Din Sing. Our next course was a thick, tasty soup called "Velvet Chicken Vermicelli." The entrées were Shingnie duck, Dragon Seafood, and sizzling roast pork Go Ba. We finished almost three hours later with a dessert (or the "sweet ending," as the menu describes it) of Babo rice pudding. All of the dishes were superb and unique, with many varied tastes which blended perfectly, and were served bril-

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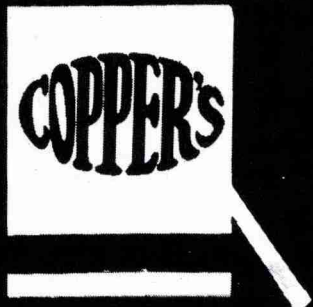
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liantly in Taiwan steamers (which keep the delicacies piping hot). Some of the platters were bedecked with flowers, also.

The dining room is large, pleasant and quiet, with an entranceway which leads on to a bar. The Gingko Tree is a Shangri-La for adventuresome eaters. I think it's fun to go with a group for dinner so that you can try as many different dishes as possible.

Many people might consider the Gingko Tree expensive for a Chinese restaurant. However, it always amazes me how these



Exotic-looking Irene Kuo is seen here with Zsa Zsa Gabor, one of the many renowned customers who dine at her very popular Gingko Tree Restaurant on Amsterdam Ave., in the Lincoln Center area of New York City.

same people do not blink an eye at a comparable check at an Italian or French restaurant. When the food is as excellent as the Gingko Tree serves, it is a bargain at any price.

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**WALTER'S APARTMENT**

1068 Second Avenue (56th Street) New York City NY  
 Reservations: 371-3374

very winning singer, Joe Masiell).

Walter Kent runs his club in a friendly and warm manner—and his customers are treated like guests by his entire staff. There is a jovial East Side crowd that frequents Walter's Apartment. With the new supper club entertainment (two shows nightly, Tuesday through Saturday), Walter is sure to attract the show-biz names and types that were evident on his recent opening night. For a sophisticated and enjoyable evening on the town, I suggest you drop in to Walter's Apartment. Open seven nights a week. Credit cards: AE, MC.

**Griffin**

313 E. 46 St.

N.Y.C.

Reservations: 371-4542

The Griffin is the special kind of restaurant that friends recommend to each other since its location is not conducive to strollers just popping in. The ambiance is filled with a natural elegance, and the food is delectable. High on my list of recommendations is their shrimp Capri appetizer—shrimp served in a tasty, warm tomato sauce. The onion soup is also superb, topped with thick, baked cheese, and be sure to try the spinach and mushroom salad. The entrées are unusual and beautifully prepared, such as the crisp roast duckling with apricot and brandy, the veal chop sauté with fresh fruit, and the filet mignon à la croutons and Roquefort cheese. The desserts are irresistible—angel puff, pecan pie with whipped cream, or *crème de la crème* with strawberry sauce, to mention a few.

The intimate dining room is tastefully decorated with mirrored and bricked walls; the lighting is subdued. The bar overlooks the dining room, and in the background there is the tinkling of a piano.

Entrées are from \$5.25 to \$9.50, which is not out of line for this caliber of restaurant. However, the appetizers do go as high as \$2.95, and the desserts to \$1.75, which does make for a reasonably expensive dinner once you add your cocktails and wine to the check.

But the Griffin is an exceptionally good restaurant, and if you're up to splurging, you'll find every cent is well spent. Open Monday through Saturday, serving lunch and dinner. Closed Sundays.

**L'Escargot**

47 W. 55 St.

N.Y.C.


Reservations: 245-4266

What can you say about a nice New York French restaurant that hasn't been said already? Manhattan's West 55th Street is literally lined with restaurants, one after another, and now L'Escargot has joined this brigade.

The menu is the typical fare served throughout the city in most French bistros.


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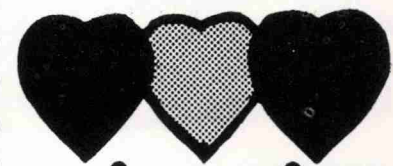
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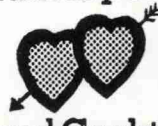
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44 W. 56th Street (between 5th and 6th)  
New York City 581-4664

The outstanding attribute at L'Escargot is their willingness to please. The atmosphere is nondescript but pleasant. The luncheon and dinner menus vary greatly in selection and all is moderately priced. Complete luncheons range from \$4.25 to \$6.25, and dinners from \$6.25 to \$8.50.

L'Escargot has been in the city for many years at its Third Avenue site. The recent move to the new location has not seemed to diminish its popularity.

Most of the entrées are prepared in the usual French manner—perhaps a little too rich for the calorie-conscious customers. The sauces and the garlic are all there and then some, along with an interesting wine selection. Owners Henri and Rosa Letroadec keep their restaurant open every day except Sunday. Luncheon is served from 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., and dinner from 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Credit cards: AE.

All listings are subject to change. Reservations recommended.

L Luncheon	AE American Express
D Dinner	BA BankAmericard
S Supper	CB Carte Blanche
C Cocktails	DC Diners Club
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### NEW YORK CITY East Side

**BEAU GESTE:** 239 Third Ave., 475-9724. Very interesting. Cozy bar upstairs with intimately lit "cave-like" dining room downstairs. Continental food at moderate prices. Food served from noon to 12:30 am. Open seven days a week, AE, DC, MC.

**BENIHANA OF TOKYO:** 120 E. 56th St., 593-1627. Offshoot of New York's most successful Japanese Steak House. L 12-2:30, a la carte entrees \$3-\$4.50. D 5:30-11, Mon-Thur \$5.50-\$10. Fri & Sat, 5:30-12, Sun 4:30-11 pm. Bar & lounge. AE, CB, DC, MC.

**CAFE EUROPA:** 347 E. 54th St. 755-0160. Norman French decor for delightful dining. Varied international cuisine from gazpacho to beef Wellington. L Mon-Fri 12-3, a la carte entrees \$2.50-\$3.95. D 5-11:30, \$6-\$9 complete. Special a la carte brioche menu at D, \$3-\$3.75. Closed Sun. AE, BA, CB, DC, MC.

**COMPANY RESTAURANT:** 365 Third Ave. (at 27th St.) MU3-9033. Great new spot for dining and drinking. Casual, friendly atmosphere with popular and lively bar. Varied Continental-American menu. The French Market onion soup and huge Company burgers are favorites. Moderate prices. A fun place to spend the whole evening. Cocktails 4-7:00 P.M. daily. Dinner 6-midnight, Fri. & Sat. till 1:0 A.M. "Midnight Brunch Fri. & Sat. till 3:00 A.M." AE, BA, CB, DC, MC.

**COUNTRY COUSIN:** 1313 Third Ave., 879-6614. Popular and informal, serving everything from hamburgers to steaks. Lively bar.

**LA CROISSETTE:** 1063 First Ave. PL 9-2630. Charming French restaurant. Specs include cheese soufflé (at lunch), moules mariniere and fresh trout. L 12-3, prix fixe \$4.85. D 6-11, \$8.50-\$10.50 complete. Closed Sun. AE, DC.

**GRIFFIN:** 313 E. 46 St. 371-4542. Elegant Eastside restaurant, serving excellent Continental cuisine. Piano dinner music nightly. Open Mon. thru Fri., serving lunch and dinner. Closed Sun.

**HAVANA EAST:** 1352 First Ave. (73rd St.) 879-3553. A wide selection of Cuban and Spanish specialties with an atmosphere unique on the East Side. Piano music nightly. L 12-5 and D 5-2 am, a la carte entrees \$2.25-\$6.25. AE, CB, DC.

**NEW JIMMY'S SUPPER CLUB:** 1576 Third Ave. 860-4506. What do you wear? Do your own thing. C 5-8. D 7-12. Sun brunch 1-5. Special Sun Buffet D \$3.75.

**PRESS BOX:** 139 E. 45 St. MU 2-9752. Marvelous food, interesting atmosphere and an exciting crowd are the ingredients which lure the throngs of customers to this well-known mid-town restaurant. Mon. thru Fri. for luncheon, dinner and supper. Weekends, dinner and supper only. AE, BA, CB, DC, MC.

**RECENT OF TOKYO:** 251 E. 53 St. 688-4085. New mid-town classy Japanese restaurant with a limited menu, serving dinner only, 5 pm to 11 pm. Closed Sundays.

**SINGLES:** 951 First Ave. (Between 52nd & 53rd) 486-9832/355-8817. Small, intimate and warm atmosphere. Piano music nightly. Complementary buffet on Sunday. Moderately priced. L 12-5, C 5-8, D 7-12. No credit cards.

**SIRO'S:** 58 E. 53rd St. 355-9085 or PL 3-8059. Established for 20 years, this relaxed, congenial restaurant serves Continental dishes and large drinks. C from 3:30 pm. L Mon-Fri 12-3, table d'hôte \$5.95-\$6.75 D Mon-Sat 5:30-midnight, \$10-11.50 table d'hôte, \$5.95-\$9.95 a la carte. Closed Sun. AE, DC. House accounts welcomed.

**TORREMOLINOS:** 230 E. 51st St. 755-1862. The decor and excellent service will make you think you're in Andalusia. Superior preparation of Spanish dishes. L Mon-Fri 12-3 a la carte entrees \$2.75-\$3.50. D Mon-Fri 5:30-10:30, 11 Fri, 11:30 Sat, a la carte entrees \$4.25-\$7.25. Closed Sun. AE, CB, DC, MC.

**WALTER'S APARTMENT:** 1068 Second Ave. (56 St.) 371-3374. Popular Eastside spot with two shows nightly, Tues. thru Sat., at 11:15 pm and 1:15 am. Piano music Sun. & Mon. nights. Limited but carefully prepared menu. AE, MC.


### West Side

**BENIHANA PALACE:** 15 W. 44th St., 682-7120. Newest and most

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**BENIHANA OF TOKYO:** 61 W. 56th St., LT1-0931. New York's original and best Japanese steak house. Open 7 days. L 12-12:30, a la carte \$3-\$4.50. D 5:30-11. Fri & Sat 'til 12, \$5.50-\$10 & a la carte. Bar. AE, CB, DC, MC.

**DU MIDI:** 311 W. 48th St. CO 5-9395 or 582-6689. A little restaurant in the theater district long known for its [fine] provincial French cuisine. L Mon-Sat 12-3, a la carte entrees \$2.40-\$4.50. D 5-11:30, Sat to 12, Sun 2-11, \$5-\$6.50 table d'hôte.

**HALF NOTE:** 149 W. 54 St. 586-5383. Renowned jazz club, formerly in Greenwich Village, now located in Mid-town area. All jazz entertainment. Cover charge but no minimum. Open Mon. thru Sat. 4 pm to 4 am, Sun. 7 pm to 1:00 am.

**LES PYRENEES:** 251 W. 51st St. CI 6-0044 or CI 6-0373. A comfortable bistro in the theater district with very fine table d'hôte meals. L 12-3, \$4-\$4.95 complete. D 5-12, \$6-\$8 complete. Closed Sun. AE, CB, DC, MC.

**MONK'S INN:** 35 W. 64 St. 874-2710. Very charming monastic mooded restaurant across from Lincoln Center with the habit of featuring great peasant-European dishes and a groaning board of pungent cheeses. L from 11 am, a la carte entrees \$2.25-\$5. D 5-1 am. Sun 5-10 pm, a la carte entrees \$2.75-\$5.50. Wine & beers only. AE, CB, DC, MC.

**VICTOR'S CAFE:** 240 Columbia Ave. TR7-7988. Well-known Spanish & Cuban restaurant serving good food at this newly enlarged dining spot. Lunch 11-4, dinner 5 pm. to 2:00 am. Serving beer and wine only. AE.

#### Greenwich Village

**BEATRICE INN:** 285 W. 12th St. YU 9-9351. A popular Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village since 1927. Friendly and pleasant with home-style food. L Mon-Fri 11:30-2:30, \$2.50-\$3.50. D Mon-Sat 5-10, \$3.75-\$6.90 table d'hôte. A la carte entrees \$2.50-\$6.90. Closed Sun.

**BONDINI'S:** 62 W. 9th St. 777-0670. Very good Italian restaurant, specializing in Northern Italian food. Pianist Wed. thru Sat. Free parking. Lunch Mon. thru Fri. 12-3, dinner nightly 5-11:30. AE, BA, CB, D.

**CASEY'S:** 142 W. 10th St. 989-8925. Continental cuisine. Lovely atmosphere with clientele of well-known personalities. D a la carte from \$5.00. L a la carte from \$2.50. Sun Brunch a la carte from \$2.00. Open 7 days. L 12-3:00 pm. D 6:30-midnight. Reservations recommended. AE, DC.

**GRANADOS:** 125 Macdougall St. OR3-5576. One of New York's best Spanish restaurants... bulging with the richest treasures of Spanish produce, cooked beautifully. Redecorated in Spanish motif all imported from Spain. Now serving lunch 11:30-3 pm, \$2.75 to \$4. D 5-2 am, Sun from 2, \$4-8. Village Troubadour's appearing Sun at 8:30. AE, CB, DC, MC.

**LA CORUNA:** 249 W. 14th St. 691-0877. An intimate Spanish restaurant serving food from the northern part of Spain. L 11-3:00 pm, \$2.00 complete dinner. D 4-1:00 am, \$4.50 complete dinner. Closed Tues. All credit cards.

**LA CHAUMIERE:** 310 W. 4th St. 741-3374. A charming, small restaurant resembling a French country inn with lovely fresh flowers. Unusual French dishes with beautiful presentation. D 6:30-1 am. a la carte entrees \$3.80-\$6.60 Closed Mon. No credit cards.

**RENO SWENNEY:** 126 W. 13th St. CH2-1366/8. A swellegant restaurant with a smart supper club attached, the potted palm "Paradise Room." American menu and cocktails, piano nightly, and Jimmy Daniels hosting Thur. thru Sat. Open every day except Sun., serving luncheon, tea and dinner a la carte. Entertainment Fri. & Sat., with a \$4 entertainment charge per person in the Paradise Room.

**CONNECTICUT**

**THE HOMESTEAD INN:** 420 Field Point Rd., Greenwich, Conn. (203) 869-7500. A charming well-known inn dating from 1799, which serves fine American fare. L Mon-Fri, 12-2, with special \$3.95 buffet. D Mon-Fri, 6-8:30, Sat to 9:30, semi a la carte from \$3.95 to \$7.50. BA, MC.

**POOR LADS RESTAURANT:** 204 Crown Street, New Haven, Conn. 624-3163. Poor Lads' has become famous for its superb Continental food. It is just around the corner from the Shubert Theatre. L 12-3, D 6-10. DC, AE, CB.

**LOS ANGELES**

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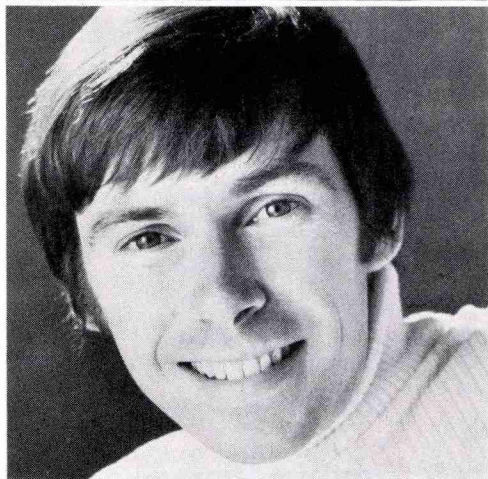
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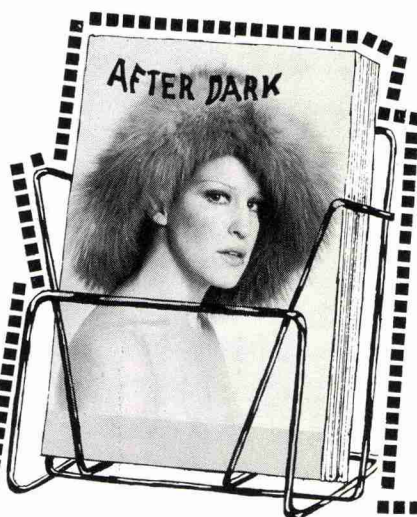


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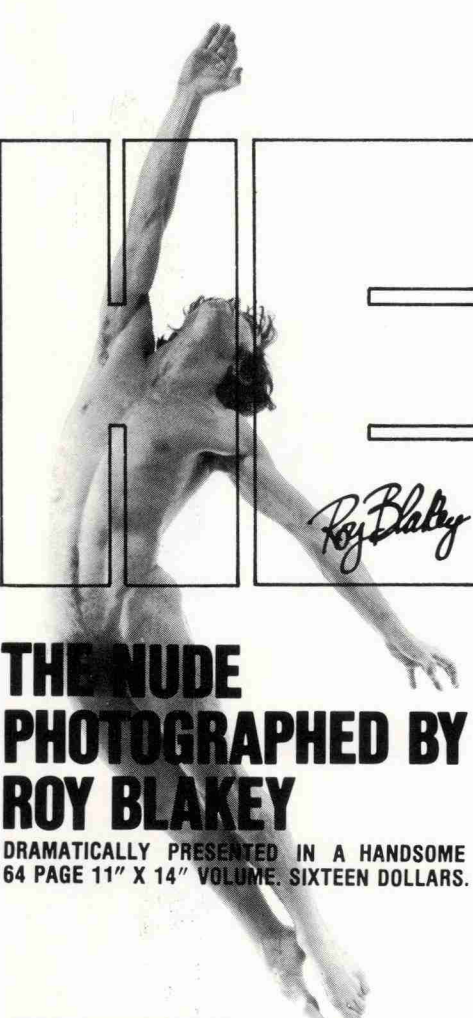


# William Morrison

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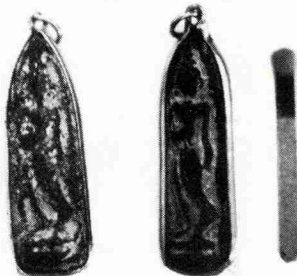
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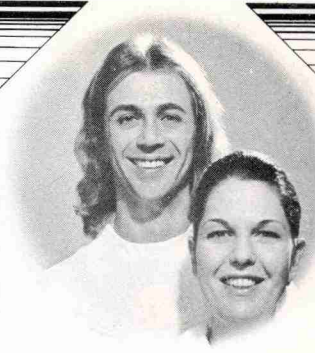
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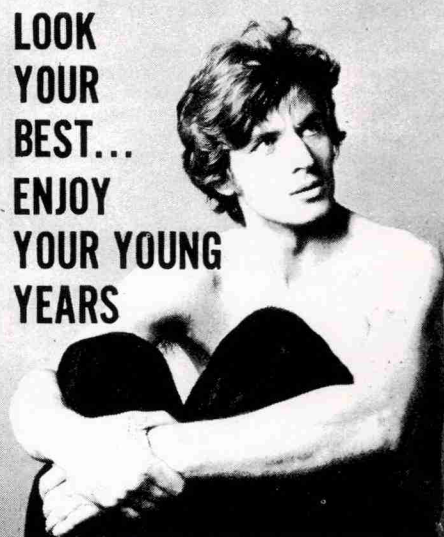
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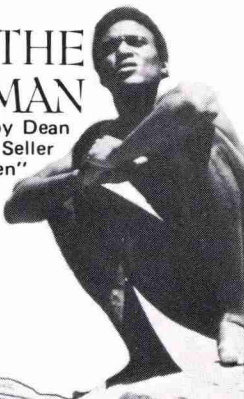
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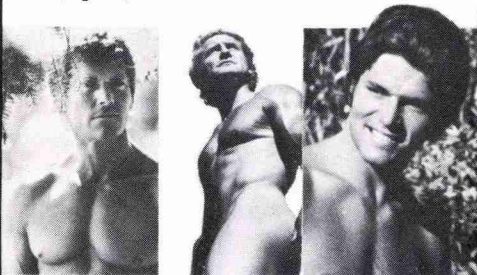
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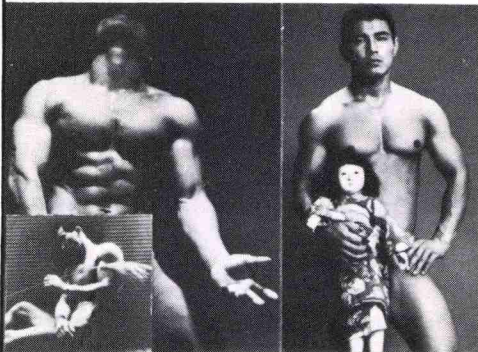
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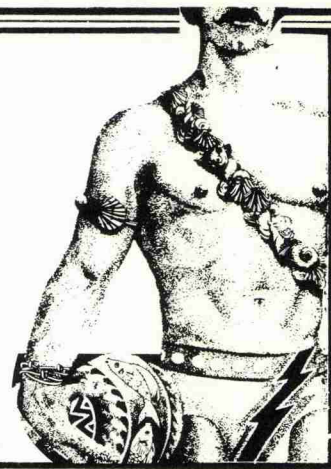
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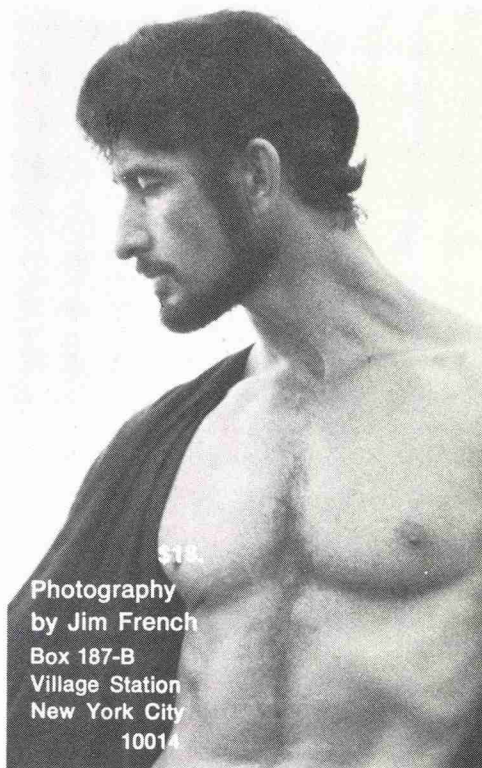
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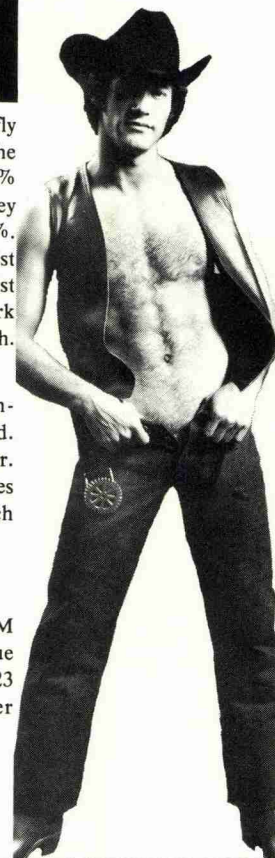
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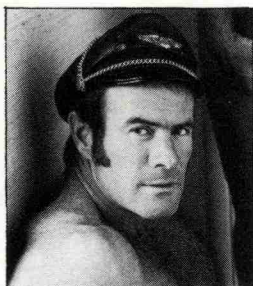
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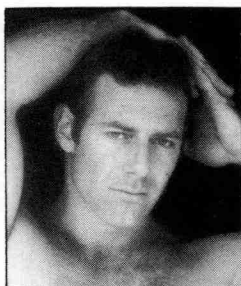
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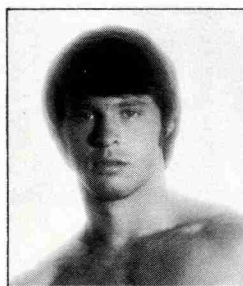
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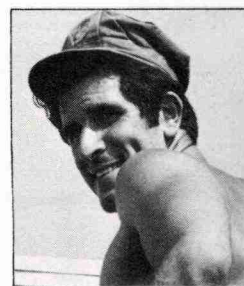
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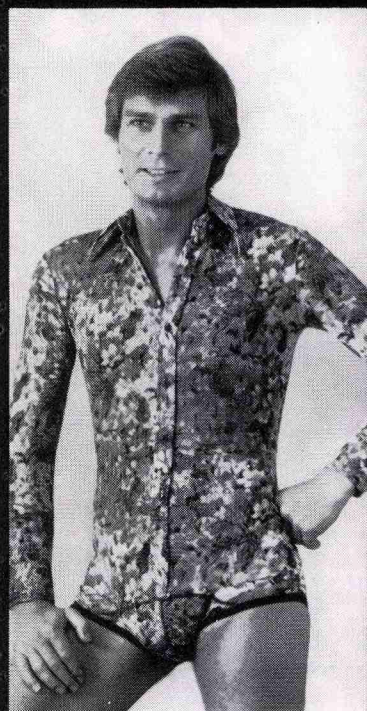
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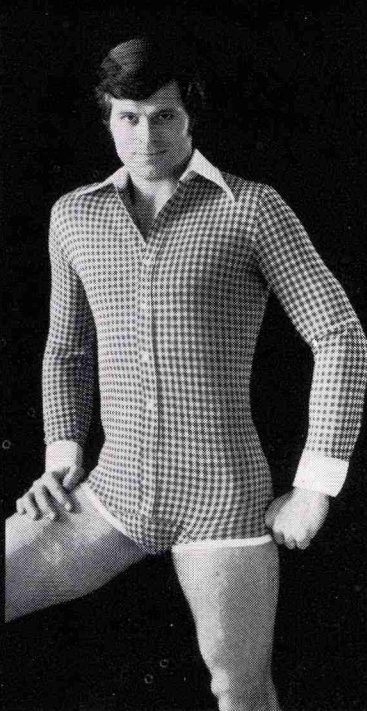
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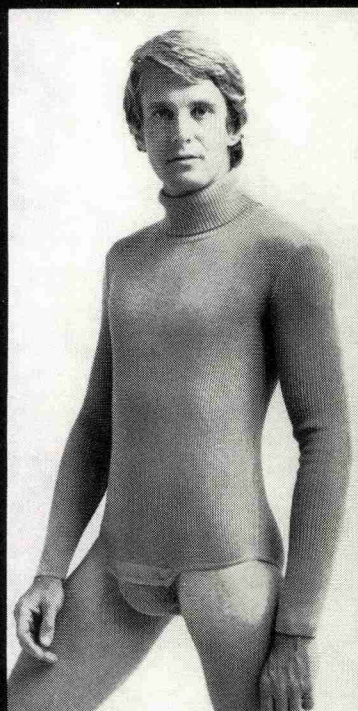
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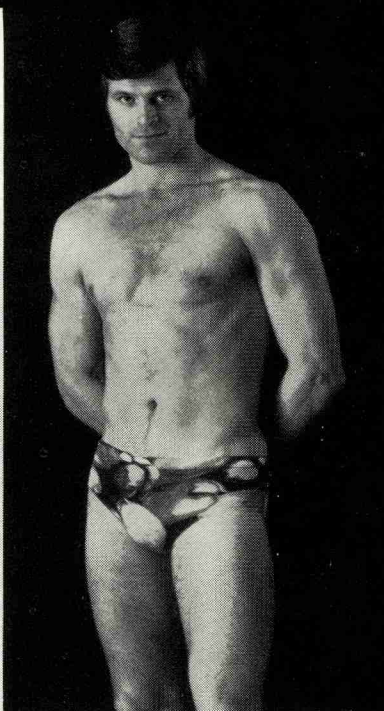
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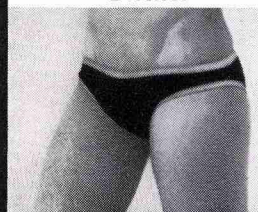
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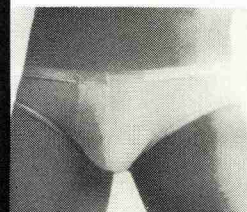
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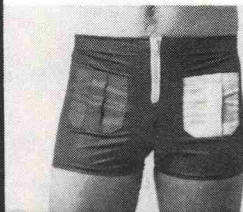
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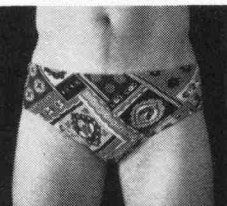
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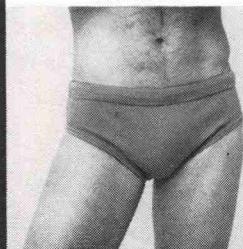
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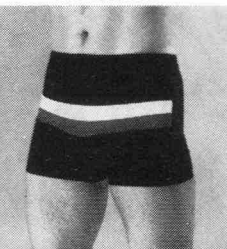
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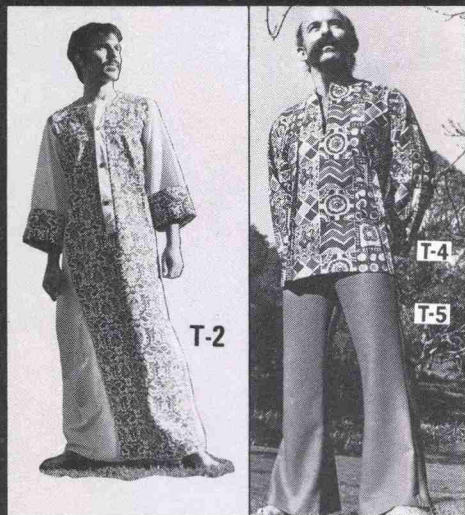
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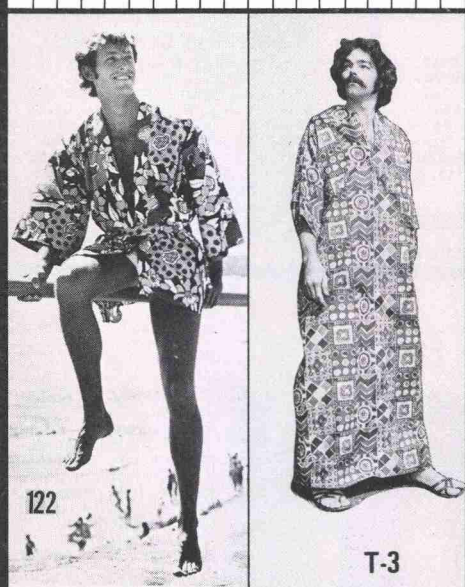


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The Directory also offers valuable information on federally funded arts programs—national arts agencies—state, territorial and provincial arts councils—community arts councils—cultural centers—college, university and civic concert series—festivals—symphony orchestras—opera companies—musical theaters—professional, resident, regional, repertory theaters—museum programs—film and television resources—and much more!

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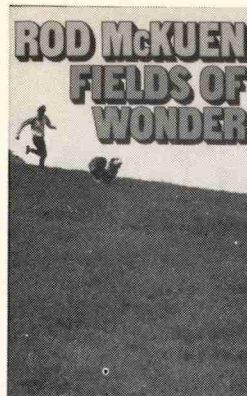
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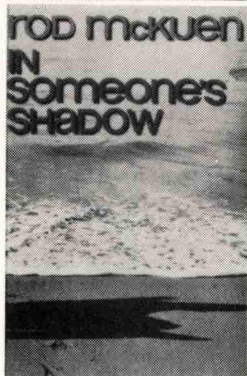
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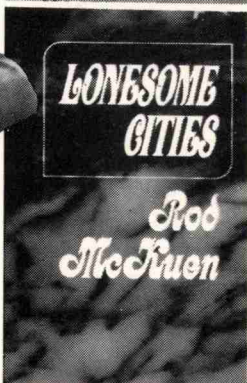
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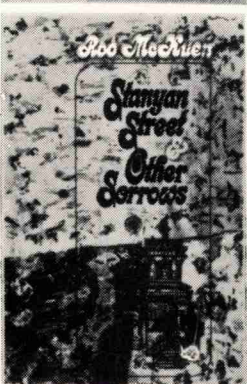
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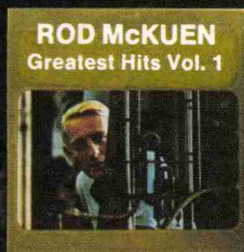
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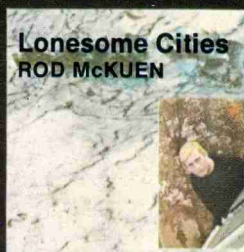
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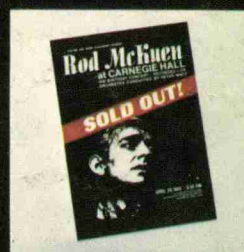
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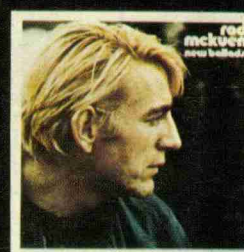
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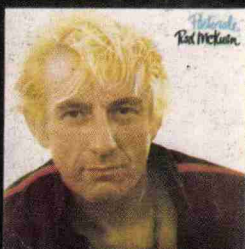
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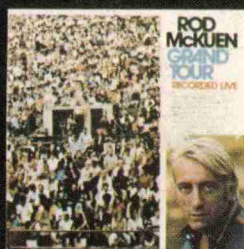
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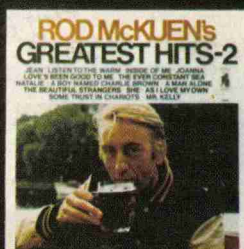
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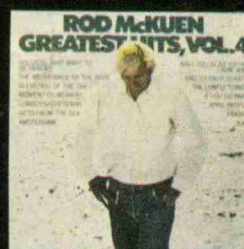
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